

THE AMERICAN GIRL

A Magazine for Girl Scouts and Girls Who Love Scouting

Volume VI, No. 7

APRIL, 1923

FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY
One Dollar and Half Per Year

2 SECTIONS

SECTION 1



PAUL THOMPSON

CAMP NUMBER

THE AMERICAN GIRL

STANDARD PRICE LIST FOR GIRL SCOUT EQUIPMENT

Effective April 1, 1923

IMPORTANT NOTICE!

1. Re:—**Discontinuing Ready-to-Sew Uniforms.** Ready-to-sew uniforms have been discontinued as an item of official Girl Scout equipment and stock of same is no longer carried at National Headquarters. In place of these the khaki is sold by the yard along with the make-up sets which contain complete with pattern all necessary trim to be used by a Scout making her own uniform.
2. **Captains and Lieutenants Pins.** These pins have been discontinued and stock is no longer carried of same.

UNIFORMS

	Size	Price		Size	Price
LONG COAT	10-18	\$3.50	WEB BELT	28-38	\$0.60
	38-42	4.00	Leather for officers	28-38	2.50
SHORT COAT SUIT	10-18	4.50	MIDDY—Official khaki	10-40	1.75
	38-42	5.00	¶ NECKERCHIEFS, each40
SKIRT	10-18	2.00	Black Silk		2.00
	38-42	2.50	PUTTEES, Women's sizes		3.00
BLOOMERS	10-42	2.25	Girl's sizes		2.00
NORFOLK SUITS—Officers:			SWEATER—Slip-over type	34-40	6.50
Khaki, light weight	34-42	7.00	Coat type	34-40	7.50
Khaki, heavy weight	34-42	15.00	WATERPROOF COATS		7.00
Serge	34-42	35.00	WATERPROOF CAPES		7.00
HATS, Officers	7½-8	3.50	¶Green, purple, dark blue, light blue, khaki, pale yellow, cardinal, black, yellow.		
HATS, Scout	6¾-8	1.50			
CANVAS LEGGINS, Pair		1.00			

BADGES

x ATTENDANCE STARS			x * MEDAL OF MERIT.....	\$1.00
Gold	\$0.20		x PROFICIENCY BADGES.....	.15
Silver15		x SECOND CLASS BADGE.....	.15
x FIRST CLASS BADGE.....	.25		x * THANKS BADGE	
x FLOWER CRESTS15		Heavy gold plate with bar.....	3.00
x * LIFE SAVING CROSSES			Gold Plate Pins75
Silver	1.75		Silver Plate75
Bronze	1.50			

PINS

x BROWNIE	\$0.25	x TENDERFOOT PINS	
x COMMITTEE75	10K Gold (safety catch)	3.00
x * COMMUNITY SERVICE25	Gold Filled (safety catch)75
x * GOLDEN EAGLET	1.50	New plain type15
x LAPELS—G. S.—Bronze	0.50	Old style plain pin08

INSIGNIA

x ARMBAND	\$0.15	x HAT INSIGNIA (for Captain's hat)	\$0.50
x CORPORAL CHEVRON10	x LAPELS—G. S., for Scouts.....	.20
CUFF LINKS, pair	1.25	x PATROL LEADER'S CHEVRON....	.15
x EX-PATROL LEADER'S CHEVRON20		

SONGS

AMERICA, THE BEAUTIFUL	\$0.05	GIRL SCOUT SONG SHEET.....	\$0.04
ENROLLMENT10	Lots of 10 or more03
EVERYBODY OUGHT TO BE A		GOODNIGHT15
SCOUT15	OH, BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY05
FIRST NATIONAL TRAINING		ON THE TRAIL:	
SCHOOL25	Piano edition60
GIRL GUIDE60	Midget Size05
GIRL SCOUTS ARE TRUE15	Lots of 10 or more02
GIRL SCOUT SONGS		ONWARD10
Vocal Booklet10	TO AMERICA25
Piano Edition30	BE PREPARED, Girl Guide Song.....	.35

SPECIAL NOTE

These prices are subject to change without notice

* Sold only on Approval of the Committee on Standards and Awards.

STANDARD PRICE LIST CONTINUED

LITERATURE

	Price		Price
BROWNIE BOOKS	\$0.25	PATROL REGISTER, each	\$0.15
* BLUE BOOK OF RULES25	PATROL SYSTEM FOR GIRL GUIDES25
CAMPWARD HO!75	PLAY (By Mrs. B. O. Edey)15
CAPTAIN'S FIELD NOTEBOOK	1.25	In lots of 10 or more10
FIRST AID BOOK—		POST CARDS—	
General Edition50	Set of six10
Woman's Edition25	1 doz. sets	1.00
GIRL GUIDE BOOK OF GAMES50	Single cards02
HEALTH RECORD BOOKS, each10	POSTERS—Girl Scout25
Per dozen	1.00	Set of seven illustrating Scout Activities	6.85
HANDBOOK, CLOTH BOARD COVER	1.00	Single Poster	1.00
Flexible Cloth Cover75	SIGNAL CHARTS15
English Girl Guide75	Lots of 10 or more10
* INTRODUCTORY TRAINING		SCOUT MASTERSHIP	1.50
COURSE15	TROOP REGISTER	2.00
MEASUREMENT CARDS05	Additional Sheets	
A GIRL SCOUT PAGEANT50	Individual Record03
Spirit of Girlhood, by Florence Howard.		Attendance Record03
* Punched for Field Notebook.		Cash Record03

MISCELLANEOUS EQUIPMENT

AXE, with sheath	\$1.50	MIRROR—Unbreakable	\$0.25
BLANKET	4.50	PATTERNS—Coat, Skirt	
BUGLE	3.50	or Bloomers, 10-42	\$0.15
BRAID— $\frac{1}{4}$ -in. wide, yd.10	Norfolk Suit, 34-4225
x BUTTONS—Per set25	PONCHO (45x72) ..	3.25
10s—6 1 to set—doz. sets	2.75	" (60x82)	4.50
CANTEEN, Aluminum	2.75	RINGS, Silver, 3 to 9	1.50
Tin	1.50	10K Gold, 3 to 9	4.00
COMPASS, Plain	1.00	ROPE, 4 ft. by $\frac{1}{4}$ in.15
Radiolite Dial	1.50	Lots of 5 or more, each10
FIRST AID KIT WITH POUCH	1.25	Guide, 15 ft., ring for belt50
Iodine Antiseptic Pen, extra50	SERGE. O. D., 54 in. wide, per yd.	4.50
FIRST AID KIT, No. 1	2.80	SEWING KIT, Tin Case25
FLASHLIGHTS		Aluminum Case50
Small size	1.35	SCOUT STATIONERY50
Large size	1.65	STOCKINGS, wool sizes 8-11	2.00
HANDKERCHIEFS		Cotton, sizes 8-1150
With Girl Scout emblem:		SUN WATCH	1.00
Linen40	TRANSFER SEALS, 2 for05
Cotton25	THREAD, Khaki spool15
HAVERSACKS, No. 1	2.75	Per doz. spools	1.20
No. 2	1.50	UNIFORM "MAKE UP" SETS65
Shoulder Protection Straps, per pr. ..	.25	Including	
x KHAKI, Official Scout, 36 in. wide35	1 Coat Pattern	} Be sure to give pattern size.
Heavy for Officers, 28 in. wide55	1 Pr. Lapels	
KNIVES, No. 1	1.50	1 Spool of Thread	
No. 2	1.00	1 Set of Buttons	
MESS KITS, No. 1 Alum. 6 pcs.	3.50	WHISTLES20
No. 1, Tin	2.50	WRIST WATCH, Radiolite	4.00
No. 2, Tin	1.75		

Important Instructions for Ordering Equipment

1. Scout equipment can be sold only upon written approval of a registered Captain.
2. Cash must accompany all orders. All checks, drafts, or money orders should be made payable to the order of Girl Scouts, Inc.
3. Girl Scout buttons, patterns and coat lapels are sold only when official khaki is purchased from National Headquarters.
4. Authorized department stores cannot sell any of the items marked with an x.

Mail all Orders to

GIRL SCOUT NATIONAL SUPPLY DEPARTMENT

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Vol. VI APRIL, 1923 No. 7

Really, girls, it is with a broad grin and real "dee-light" that the Camping Department makes its first bow to you and realizes the joyful news that "Spring has come" and the "open season" for camping is on. Texas wrote us six weeks ago that Spring had arrived. Last week we heard the same rumor from Buffalo. And now we have seen hints of it for ourselves. We hope you shortly find yourselves trying out some "Kamp Kookery Kinks" over a camp fire. Do experiment a little on your own hook. Try out some new recipes just to see how they turn out, and if they turn out well (and we hope

IN CAMP

The Tents are pitched, the camp fires glow,
Our Flag waves over head,
The Starry sky is our canopy,
The mossy turf our bed.
The hours flit by on golden wing,
And life is not the same,
The world is fair for we're free as air
While we're playing the great Scout Game.

We are far from town with its daily toil,
For our tasks are tasks we love,
So we work and play through the livelong day
Till the stars speak out above,
And we hear the voice of Nature's God
And we see His Hand of Flame
In the setting sun when the day is done
While we're playing the great Scout Game.

H. M. O.

—From "The Girl Guide's Book".

they will!) make them your own "specialty" or christen them after your best friend or your troop. Practice up a little before you really go to camp. Make that restless longing for the woods and that ache for the open count for something—right now! And may good luck and wisdom be with you!

We hope you cogitating camp builders find the layout for a small camp helpful, and that you see to it that your camping expedition has adequate water-front protection this year. Get your Red Cross to help you. We want more and more girls to go camping each year—and we want both Girl Scouts and leaders to see that camping is done under conditions that are sanitary and safe, as well as instructive and recreational in program.

The Camping Department is here to assist you in any way possible. If you are planning your first camp or your first camping trip, write us your plans and suggestions and we shall be glad to give you the benefit of our experience. That is what we are here for. We hope, not that fewer people will attempt camping, but that more leaders and Scouts will learn how Scouts should camp before they go for a trip. For that reason, special courses in camping have been put into our Training Camps for leaders and certain places like Hartford, Connecticut, are giving special conferences for local Scout leaders with camping and hiking on the program.

Do You Like These Badges?

National Headquarters has found it necessary to change the First Aid and Scout Aid Badges, as it is no longer permissible for us to use the Red Cross as a symbol.

The Scout Aid Badge as shown here has been officially adopted.



As the result of an announcement made in the February "FIELD NEWS," several designs for the First Aid Badge were submitted. Some of these were disqualified because the Red Cross symbol was used in one way or another. The two displayed have been selected as the most appropriate.

We would be glad to have you and your

troop vote on the one you like best, sending the result to us. If you

have any further suggestions to offer, the Standards Committee would like to hear from you before May 1st.



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THE FIELD NEWS

SECTION TWO

OF

THE AMERICAN GIRL



2 Sections

APRIL, 1923

Section 2



The Covered Wagon

The covered wagon takes us out in-
to the open spaces.

We breathe deeper

As we think of the courage of our
pioneer women

Who lived with few possessions
and learned to give

That greatest gift of man—

Service to others.

Their lives were simple, direct and
honest.

Their lives had little of the thing we
call diplomacy

And much of truth.

GIRL SCOUTS, carry on the
spirit of these women

Into the frontier of our civilization
With its hazards and difficulties.

A frontier not so visible

But just as difficult to reach—

A frontier of social justice.

JANE DEETER RIPPIN.

Convention Notes

The Wardman Park Hotel, Washington, D. C., will be official headquarters for the Ninth Annual Convention of the Girl Scouts, Inc., which opens on Monday, April 23d, at 8:30 p. m., with the reception of the President and National Officers at the residence of Mrs. Herbert Hoover, 2300 S Street, and Mrs. Adolph Miller, 2330 S Street, to which all Convention delegates and representatives are invited.

Delegates may present credentials and register with Mrs. Frederick Edey at the Wardman Park Hotel, on Monday afternoon, April 23d, between 3:00 and 5:00 o'clock.

Convention proper opens Tuesday, April 24th, at 10:30 a. m., at the Wardman Park Hotel. Registration opens again at 9:30 a. m. The first day will be devoted to the Girl Scout, her activities according to the Scouting program, and her auxiliary activities. Lunch will be served at 12:30 out of doors on the grounds of the Girl Scout Tea House, followed by an early afternoon session on Nature Lore. The program for the evening session, 8:00 p. m., will be given over to Girl Scout Camps. Wednesday's program (Wardman Park Hotel) will be devoted to Training for Girl Scout Leaders, with a boat trip to Mt. Vernon (including afternoon program) as a delightful feature. The evening session will be held at the National Museum at 8:15. The election of officers and the National Director's report are scheduled on Thursday's program, followed by the Annual Banquet at 7:30 p. m., at the Wardman Park Hotel. Friday's program will be devoted to discussions on Finance and The American Girl. The closing session will open at 3:30 p. m., Friday afternoon.

Room Rates Per Day at Wardman Park Hotel:

(All rooms with baths)

Single rooms \$5.00

Double rooms 8.00

Three in room 10.00

Meals: All meals a la carte.

GRACE DODGE: (Y. W. C. A.)

Room Rates Per Person:

2 persons in single room (bed and cot), \$2.00; 2, 3, or 4 persons on cots, one room, \$1.50.

Room Rates Per Day:

Single room without bath, \$3.00.

Single room with shower, \$3.50.

(Convenient baths—no rooms with private baths.)

Meals:

Breakfast, 25-50 cents; luncheon, 50-60 cents; dinner, \$1.25.

Reservations should be made directly with hotels.

Convention Registration Fee, \$2.

Banquet, \$3.00 per plate.

Convention—Informal; Scout Uniform. Training Week—Camp Uniform. Commissioners' Week-end—Scout Uniform.

Report of the National Nominating Committee, to be presented at the Ninth Annual Convention in Washington, D. C., April 23d-27th, 1923:

President: Mrs. Herbert Hoover, Washington, D. C.

First Vice-President: Mrs. Arthur Osgood Choate, New York City.

Second Vice-President: Mrs. Julius Rosenwald, Chicago, Ill.

Third Vice-President: Mrs. E. M. Swift, Colorado Springs, Colo.

Fourth Vice-President: Mrs. Albert E. Thornton, Atlanta, Ga.

Fifth Vice-President: Mrs. M. E. Olmsted, Harrisburg, Pa.

NOMINATIONS FOR MEMBERS OF NATIONAL EXECUTIVE BOARD.

Mrs. John T. Baxter, Minneapolis, Minn.

Mrs. Nicholas F. Brady, New York City.

Mrs. Lyman Delano, Wilmington, N. C.

Miss Llewellyn Parsons, New York City.

Mrs. William Lyon Phelps, New Haven, Conn.

Mrs. Edward A. Skae, Pontiac, Mich.

Mrs. Percy H. Williams, New York City.

Other nominations may be made and the names of such shall be placed on the ballot provided nominations shall be endorsed by at least twenty members of Local Councils or Scout officers in good standing. Please send such nominations to the Committee at your very earliest convenience.

Unless other nominations are received this ticket will be presented at the Convention in Washington. Will you please ask your delegates to consider the nominations carefully.

HELEN R. SCUDDER,

Chairman, Nominating Committee.

See page 7 for Training Week plans.

Preliminary to Establishing Your Camp

Selection of Site for Tents: Always pick out a location where the ground is well drained. A gently sloping hillside above the river or the knoll of a hill makes an ideal spot. Low places and swamps are to be avoided for mosquitoes may become a nuisance in camp life and dampness may prevail. It is desirable to have trees on the camp site for they aid in keeping the camp cool and are a protection from storms.

As soon as the tents have been put up, ditches 3 or 4 inches deep should be dug around them, these ditches leading to a main ditch which will carry away all water from the vicinity of camp. The ditching of tents should receive immediate attention on establishing a camp. In order to air the tents properly the sides should be fastened up during the day. Bedding should receive a thorough airing by putting it out in the sunshine at least one day during the week. Great care must be taken to have the cook and mess kept absolutely clean. Those preparing the food must take precautions to establish habits of cleanliness and hands must always be washed before food is handled. The mess tent or shack should be screened against flies. If this is impossible, food should be protected by mesh covers or screened cupboards. Cooks should be provided with aprons for the ordinary clothing may come in contact with camp waste if aprons are not worn. Protection of the food supply of camp from flies and dirty hands is a most important feature in camp life.

The three health essentials in a camp site are (1) the drinking water supply, (2) body wastes disposal, (3) garbage disposal.

Who knows whether your camp water supply is safe? Is it well protected from surface contamination? If a spring furnishes the drinking water supply for the girls in camp, can each of them go to the spring and dip glass, bucket or pitcher into the water without possibly contaminating it?

Who has been delegated to see that the disposal of body wastes at camp is sanitary? Is not this the very first step in all well managed camps? What about garbage disposal? Are we going to breed disease at the camp or shall we follow the best practice of getting rid of the kitchen wastes? These ques-

tions clamor for attention when the camp is being established.

PURIFICATION OF WATER

Special emphasis should be laid on the necessity for treatment of all water which is under suspicion.

(1) For sterilization of water in small amounts Halazone tablets manufactured by the Abbott Laboratories, Chicago, are recommended. One of these small pills or tablets will sterilize one quart of water.

(2) Add water to $\frac{1}{4}$ pound of chloride of lime (purchased in one-pound cans at grocery or drug store) until a thick paste is formed. More water should be added until the paste is dissolved in about two gallons of water. Pour this solution into the well or spring to be treated. In the case of a dug well, good distribution may be secured by stirring with a rod or by lowering and raising the bucket in the water. It is wise to allow the well to stand unused for ten hours after which it may be pumped out and use of water continued.

For Hikes: Add to one gallon of water one teaspoonful of chloride of lime mixed into a paste with a little water. Stir thoroughly. Then bottle this solution for hike purposes. Nine drops of this solution will purify one gallon of water without leaving a taste.

SANITARY SURVEY

Camp Committee or Director should check up on water supplies.

SPRING:

- 1—Consider location accurately.
- 2—What is the type of soil surrounding spring?
- 3—How is spring protected?
- 4—Distance of spring from sources of contamination.
 1. Latrine
 2. Barn
 3. Cesspool
 4. Waste drain
- 5—Number of persons using spring for drinking purposes.
- 6—Call upon state or county health authorities for advice and inspection.
- 7—Secure written endorsement from authorities following a personal inspection.

WELLS:

- 1—Consider location of well. Is it dug, driven or drilled?
- 2—Find out total depth, diameter and depth of water.
- 3—What soil formation is pierced by well, as sand, limestone, etc.?

4—What is the construction around top of well to afford protection?

5—How is surface water excluded?

6—What distance is well from sources of pollution?

1. Latrine
2. Barn
3. Cesspool
4. Waste Drain

7—Quantity of supply. How much per person per day? How much for washing and general camp use?

8—Call upon local state or county health authorities for assistance, advice and inspection. Secure written statement from officer.

Outline for Talk on Health and Posture Demonstration

MARY BARRETT, R. N.

I am going to talk on health.

Before we begin mending health, we should have health. What do we mean by health? We have health when we have a body which is able to function properly; when we are able to do all the work assigned to us. We cannot discharge our duties properly unless we have perfect health—physically and mentally. You cannot have mental health unless you have physical health and you cannot have physical health unless you have mental health; science tells us one reacts on the other. Of course there are accidents which are beyond our control; instances of defective health for which we are not responsible, but we must take care of what we have. We should have rest. How much rest? Sleep is not the only rest. Relaxation is rest; we can rest while working. Suppose you were assigned to washing dishes, would you think of only the unpleasantness of the task? No, you would sing, think of how nice the dishes are going to look on the shelf; look out the window and admire nature; think of the rain washing the pebbles, etc., that you are not the only one who has to wash. Whatever we do, do with a pleasant attitude.

Every one cannot seek health by going out in the country; but every one has a chance to develop a good posture which is a means toward maintaining health. We Girl Scouts are cautioned to stand tall—how? By placing the feet straight and parallel to form a broad base on which to rest the body lift the chest and carry the head erect; the shoulders and abdomen must of necessity be correctly adjusted when these parts are in proper position.

THE AMERICAN GIRL — SECTION 2

Finally when we are standing comfortably and breathing deeply we feel well and we express that well being in a smile; try to smile with your chest shrunken in—you do not make a great success of it. Now try it girls standing properly (girls "try it", demonstrating 47 varieties of posture. Nurse makes individual suggestions.) That is the way. Who can resist a smile?

Menus (Summer Time)

SATURDAY
Luncheon
Banana Salad
Rolls Milk
 Tapioca
Dinner
Creamed Beef
Corn Bread String Beans
Prune and Apricot Whip
 Milk

SUNDAY
Breakfast
Grapefruit Wheatena
 Bacon Toast
 Milk
Dinner
Fricassee Chicken
Spinach Mashed Potatoes
 Bread Butter
 Milk Cocoa
Ice Cream, Chocolate Sauce

Supper
Salmon Salad
Tea Biscuits Honey
 Milk

MONDAY
Breakfast
Prunes Grape Nuts
Scrambled Eggs Toast
 Milk

Luncheon
Vegetable Salad
Bread Butter Milk
 Chocolate Blanc Mange

Dinner
Rice and Chicken
Lettuce Salad Carrots
Bread Butter Milk
 Strawberries and Cream

TUESDAY
Breakfast
Oranges Cornflakes
Bacon Bran Muffins Milk

Luncheon
Cheese Souffle Tomato Sauce
Bread Butter
Baked Apple Milk

Dinner
Meat Pie Lettuce Salad
 Bread Butter
 Fruit Jelly
 Milk Lemonade

WEDNESDAY
Breakfast
Apple Sauce Oatmeal
 Toast Jam
 Milk

Luncheon
Creamed Tomatoes on Toast
Bread Butter
Tapioca Cream
 Milk

Picnic Supper
Brown Bread Sandwiches
Cheese and Mayonnaise
White Bread—Ham, Olive
Watermelon Cookies

THURSDAY
Breakfast
Rhubarb
Cream of Wheat Corn Muffins
 Milk

Luncheon
Creamed Eggs on Crackers
Bread Butter
Milk Cookies

Dinner
Fruit Cup
Baked Beans Stewed Tomatoes
Brown Bread Butter
 Milk
Blackberries and Cream

FRIDAY
Breakfast
Apricots Wheatena
Corn Bread Honey
 Milk

Luncheon
Corn Chowder Lettuce Salad
Bread Butter
Cottage Pudding Chocolate Sauce

Dinner
Halibut
Lamb Spinach
Bread Butter
Milk Grapefruit

SATURDAY
Breakfast
Prunes
Cream of Wheat
Rolls Jam
 Milk

Luncheon
Vegetable Stew
Bread Butter Milk
Creamy Rice Pudding

Dinner
Hamburger Balls
Creamed Potatoes Beets
Bread Butter Milk
Banana Pudding

SUNDAY
Breakfast
Oranges Oatmeal
Cornbread Honey Bacon
 Milk

Dinner
Roast Lamb
Mashed Potatoes Peas and Carrots
Bread Butter
Ice Cream, Strawberry Sauce

Supper
Salmon Salad
Rolls Butter
 Milk
Berries and Cream

MONDAY
Breakfast
Preserved Peaches
Corn Flakes
Toast Jam
 Milk

Luncheon
Macaroni and Cheese
Stewed Tomatoes
Bread Butter Milk
Watermelon

Dinner
Lamb Stew Peas
Bread Butter
Milk Pie

TUESDAY
Breakfast
Prunes Wheatena
Bran Muffins
 Milk

Luncheon
Vegetable Salad
Corn Bread Butter
Milk Tapioca Cream

Dinner
Creamed Beef Baked Potato
Fruit Salad
Bread Butter
 Milk

WEDNESDAY
Breakfast
Apple Sauce Oatmeal
Graham Muffins

Luncheon
Baked Beans Stewed Tomatoes
Bread Butter
Milk Cream

Dinner
Blackberries
Pot Roast
Mashed Potatoes Spinach
Bread Butter
Milk Chocolate Ice Cream

THURSDAY
Breakfast
Rhubarb Grape Nuts
Toast Jam
Milk Hot Chocolate

Luncheon
Cheese and Corn Meal Souffle
Tomato Sauce
Bread Butter Milk
Cantaloupe

(Continued on page 6.)

THE AMERICAN GIRL — SECTION 2

This Is for Information Only. It Must

(Sample suggested for camp use in making menus)

DAILY FOOD RECORD

All Groups Should be Represented in the Diet Every Day

Date.....		B	D	S	B	D	S	B	D	S*
GROUP I—REGULATING FOODS, ALSO ESSENTIAL FOR BUILD- ING AND ENERGY										
A. Lime Supplying										
	Milk									
	Chard									
	Carrots									
	Cauliflower									
	Rutabagas									
	Turnip Tops									
	Water Cress									
	Figs									
	Oranges									
B. Iron Supplying										
	Spinach									
	Dried Beans									
	Dried Peas									
	Dried Lentils									
	Dates									
	Prunes									
	Raisins									
	Egg Yolk									
	Molasses									
C. Roughage Supplying										
	Green Vegetables									
	Beans									
	Peas									
	Cabbage									
	Celery									
	Onions									
	Dried Fruits									
	Fruits with Skins									
	Whole Cereals									
D. Water										
GROUP II—PROTECTIVE FOODS										
A. Vitamine A. Supplying										
	Cream									
	Butter									
	Spinach									
	Other Greens									
	Egg Yolks									
	Lettuce									
B. Vitamine B. Supplying										
	Fresh Fruits									
	Cabbage									
	Spinach and Other Greens									
	Tomatoes									
	Milk									
	Whole Cereals									

*B—Breakfast D—Dinner S—Supper

THE AMERICAN GIRL — SECTION 2

Not Be Detached as per Postal Rules.

	B	D	S	B	D	S	B	D	S
C. Vitamine C. Supplying									
Lemon									
Orange									
Cabbage									
Rutabaga									
Onions									
Carrots									
Tomatoes, Fresh or Canned									
Raspberries									
GROUP III—FOODS, CHIEFLY VALUED FOR BUILDING AND REPAIR									
A. Protein Supplying									
Milk, Whole									
Milk, Skim									
Buttermilk									
Cheese									
Eggs									
Lean Meat									
Fish									
Dried Peas									
Dried Beans									
Dried Lentils									
Nuts									
Cereals									
GROUP IV—FOODS, VALUABLE AS SOURCES OF ENERGY									
A. Starch Supplying									
Bread									
Crackers									
Macaroni									
Rice									
Tapioca									
Corn Starch									
Cereals									
Potatoes									
B. Sugar Supplying									
Syrup									
Honey									
Preserves									
Jelly									
Candy									
Sugar									
Frozen Ices									
Cake, Cookies									
C. Fat Supplying									
Butter									
Cream									
Cheese									
Bacon									
Butter Substitutes									
Salad Oils									
Chocolate									
Lard									

Acknowledgment: LUCY CORDINER, INEZ HOBART.

THE AMERICAN GIRL — SECTION 2

(Continued from page 3).

Dinner
Meat Pie
Mashed Potatoes Creamed Carrots
Bread Butter
Milk
Bread Pudding

FRIDAY
Breakfast
Dried Peaches Cream of Wheat
French Toast Jam
Milk

Luncheon
Corn Chowder Lettuce Salad
Bread Butter
Milk Chocolate Blanc Mange

Dinner
Spinach Fish
Bread Mashed Potatoes
Butter
Milk Strawberry Shortcake

SATURDAY
Breakfast
Oranges Wheatena
Scrambled Eggs
Rolls Jam Milk

Luncheon
Vegetable Salad
Corn Bread Butter
Milk
Rice Pudding

Food Supplies for a Two Weeks' Camp Menu

LIST OF NON-PERISHABLES.

For 25.—4 lbs apricots, 12 lbs bacon, 1 lb baking powder, 6 qts beans (dried), 8 cans beans (string), 1 lb bran, 50 lbs butter, 6 lbs cheese, 2 small bottles cherries, 3 lbs chocolate, 2 lbs cocoa, 6 lbs coffee, 8 cans corn, 8 pkgs cornflakes, 5 lbs cornmeal, 1 pkg cornstarch, 6 lbs cookies, 2 lbs crackers, 2 pkgs cream of wheat, 3 lbs crisco, 12 doz eggs, 1 bag flour, 3 pkgs gelatine (Knox), 1 lb graham crackers, 8 pkgs grape-nuts, 6 lbs honey, 12 lbs jam, 4 doz lemons, 4 pkgs macaroni, 4 qts Mayonnaise*, 1 pt molasses, 3 pkgs oatmeal, 1 qt olives (stuffed), 5 lbs onions, 1 small can paprika, 1 can pepper, 8 cans peas, 2 lbs peaches (dried), 4 cans peaches, 2 cans pears, 2 cans pineapple, 4 lbs pork (salt), 2 bu potatoes, 12 lbs prunes, 3 pkgs raisins, 5 lbs rice, 8 cans salmon, 50 lbs sugar, 5 lb bag salt, 3 pkgs tapioca (instant), 1 lb tea, 18 cans tomatoes, 8 cans tomato soup, 1 pint vanilla, 2 pkgs wheat-

ena, 2 loaves bread daily (probably less), 20 qts milk daily. If cream for coffee is desired, 1 pt daily would be sufficient.

For 50.—8 lbs apricots, 24 lbs bacon, 2 lbs baking powder, 12 qts beans (dried), 16 cans beans (string), 2 lbs bran, 100 lbs butter, 12 lbs cheese, 2 large bottles cherries, 6 lbs chocolate, 4 lbs cocoa, 12 lb coffee, 16 cans corn, 16 pkgs cornflakes, 10 lbs cornmeal, 2 pkgs cornstarch, 12 lb cookies, 4 lbs crackers, 4 pks cream of wheat, 6 lbs crisco, 24 doz eggs, 2 bags flour, 6 pkgs gelatine (Knox), 2 lbs graham crackers, 16 pkgs grape-nuts, 12 lbs honey, 24 lb jam, 8 doz lemons, 8 pkgs macaroni, 8 qts Mayonnaise*, 1 qt molasses, 6 pkgs oatmeal, 1 qt olives (stuffed), 10 lbs onions, 1 large can paprika, 1 large can pepper, 16 cans peas, 4 lbs peaches (dried), 8 cans peaches, 4 cans pears, 4 cans pineapple, 8 lbs pork (salt), 4 bu potatoes, 24 lbs prunes, 6 pkgs raisins, 10 lbs rice, 16 cans salmon, 100 lbs sugar, 10 lb bag salt, 6 pkgs tapioca (instant), 2 lbs tea, 36 cans tomatoes, 16 cans tomato soup, 2 pints vanilla, 4 pkgs wheatena, 18 loaves bread daily (probably less), 40 qts milk daily. If cream for coffee is desired, 1 qt daily would be sufficient.

DAILY SPECIALS.

Saturday—

For 25.—2 doz bananas, 4 lbs beans (string), 5 lbs chipped beef, 4 heads lettuce, 1 qt peanuts, 5 doz rolls.

For 50.—4 doz bananas, 8 lbs beans (string), 10 lbs chipped beef, 8 heads lettuce, 2 qts peanuts, 10 doz rolls.

Sunday—

For 25.—4 large chickens, 13 grapefruit, 4 qts ice cream (vanilla), 4 heads lettuce, 2 pecks spinach.

For 50.—8 large chickens, 26 grapefruit, 8 qts ice cream (vanilla), 8 heads lettuce, 4 pecks spinach.

Monday—

For 25.—6 bunches carrots, 1½ pts cream, 10 heads lettuce, 4 qts strawberries.

For 50.—12 bunches carrots, 3 pts cream, 20 heads lettuce, 8 qts strawberries.

Tuesday—

For 25.—1 peck apples, ½ doz bananas, 6 lbs beef for stewing, 6 heads lettuce, 2½ doz oranges.

For 50.—½ bu apples, 1 doz bananas, 12 lbs beef for stewing, 12 heads lettuce, 5 doz oranges.

Wednesday—

For 25.—1 peck apples, 5 loaves Boston brown bread, 1 lb cottage cheese, 1 ham, 3 watermelons.

For 50.—½ bu apples, 10 loaves Boston brown bread, 2 lbs cottage cheese, 1 ham, 6 watermelons.

Thursday—

For 25.—½ doz bananas, 4 loaves Boston brown bread, 4 qts blackberries, 1½ pts cream, 4 bunches rhubarb.

For 50.—1 doz bananas, 8 loaves Boston brown bread, 8 qts blackberries, 3 pts cream, 8 bunches rhubarb.

Friday—

For 25.—13 grapefruit, 12 lbs halibut or 3 legs lamb, 6 heads lettuce, 2 pecks spinach.

For 50.—26 grapefruit, 24 lbs halibut or 5 legs lamb, 12 heads lettuce, 4 pecks spinach.

Saturday—

For 25.—1 doz bananas, 6 bunches beets, 2 bunches carrots, 6 lbs Hamburg steak, 5 doz rolls.

For 50.—2 doz bananas, 12 bunches beets, 4 bunches carrots, 12 lbs Hamburg steak, 10 doz rolls.

Sunday—

For 25.—4 bunches carrots, 1½ pts cream, 4 qts ice cream (vanilla), 3 legs lamb, 4 heads lettuce, 25 oranges, 2 pecks peas, 5 doz rolls, 6 qts strawberries.

For 50.—8 bunches carrots, 3 pts cream, 8 qts ice cream (vanilla), 6 legs lamb, 8 heads lettuce, 50 oranges, 4 pecks peas, 10 doz rolls, 12 qts strawberries.

Monday—

For 25.—½ peck apples, 2 pecks peas, 3 watermelons.

For 50.—1 peck apples, 4 pecks peas, 6 watermelons.

Tuesday—

For 25.—½ doz bananas, 2 bunches carrots, 5 lbs chipped beef, 4 heads lettuce.

For 50.—1 doz bananas, 4 bunches carrots, 10 lbs chipped beef, 8 heads lettuce.

Wednesday—

For 25.—1 peck apples, 8 lbs beef for pot roast, 4 qts blackberries, 1½ pts cream, 4 qts ice cream (vanilla), 2 pecks spinach.

For 50.—½ bu apples, 16 lbs beef for pot roast, 8 qts blackberries, 3 pts cream, 8 qts ice cream (vanilla), 4 pecks spinach.

* If Mayonnaise is to be home prepared, the following will be required: 1 gal Mazola oil, ½ lb mustard, 1 qt vinegar or 1 doz lemons.

* If Mayonnaise is to be home prepared, the following will be required: 2 gals Mazola oil, 1 lb mustard, 2 qts vinegar or 2 doz lemons.

THE AMERICAN GIRL — SECTION 2

Thursday—

For 25—13 cantaloupes, 4 bunches carrots, 4 bunches rhubarb.

For 50.—26 cantaloupes, 8 bunches carrots, 8 bunches rhubarb.

Friday—

For 25.—1½ pts cream, 12 lbs fish, 6 heads lettuce, 2 pecks spinach, 4 qts strawberries.

For 50.—3 pts cream, 24 lbs fish, 12 heads lettuce, 4 pecks spinach, 8 qts strawberries.

Saturday—

For 25.—2 bunches carrots, 4 heads lettuce, 25 oranges, 5 doz rolls.

For 50.—4 bunches carrots, 8 heads lettuce, 50 oranges, 10 doz rolls. S. M.

A Day's Diet for the Girl in Camp

EXPRESSED IN POUNDS.

Vegetables and fruit2½ lbs
Milk (1 c) ½ lb
Meat and eggs14 oz
Cereals 8 oz
Sweets 3 oz
Fats 3 oz

The above day's diet will yield about 3,300 calories.

Use 2 ounces less of meat and eggs for every additional cup of milk.

Note—Vegetables and fruit equal to 1 ½ lbs: 1 apple, 1 orange, 2 large potatoes and one average serving of some other vegetable.

Dried fruits: 1 ounce is equal to about 6 ounces of fresh fruit.

Camping by the Day

[To be compressed and adjusted to suit your case.]

PROGRAM.

- 9:00—Assemble at troop headquarters.
- 9:10—*En route*.
- 10:30—Arrival and rest.
- 10:45—Instruction in plans for day. Division of Scouts and assignment of patrol work. One group blazes trail, one group gathers wood and makes fire, one group cares for drinking water, one group prepares to cook, etc.
- 12:00—Tests in fire lighting and cooking.
- 12:30—Dinner.
- 1:30—Clean up, burning and burying all garbage, etc.
- 1:45—2:45—Rest, quiet, relaxation.
- 2:45—3:00—Fifteen minutes may be given over to story telling and discussion if the captain feels sure that sixty minutes is sufficient for a nap.

3:00—Follow trail, arriving at open space in half hour, where games can be played. Contests, special nature observation, tree identification, etc.; instruction and exploration features may come in here. Back to "camp."

5:30—Supper squad at work.

6:00—Supper.

6:45—Camp fire, patrol reports, songs, stunts, stories, etc.

7:45—Break camp, leaving everything immaculate.

9:00—Dismissal at headquarters for return home.

REGISTRATION OF GIRL SCOUTS

February 28, 1923

REGISTERED AS:	A MONTH OF FEBRUARY 1923	B TOTAL YEAR TO DATE	C CUMULATIVE TOTAL SINCE 1912
1. Chartered Councils (new only) .	6	8	301
	(new & re-registered)	(new & re-registered)	
2. Council Members	385	704	6,777
3. Troop Committee Members	30	43	43
Commissioned Officers:			
4. Captains	325	642	14,681
5. 1st Lieutenants	181	392	8,029
6. 2nd Lieutenants	68	145	1,389
7. Total Commissioned Officers ...	574	1,179	24,099
8. Total Registered Officers (2, 3 and 7)	989	1,926	30,919
9. Girl Scouts	6,363	12,576	311,528
10. Brownies	137	217	1,710
11. Total Scouts (9 and 10)	6,500	12,793	313,238
12. Grand Total Registered (8 & 11)	7,489	14,719	344,157

Late News on Convention Training Week

The Convention Training Week will be held at the Manor Country Club, Norbeck, Md., from Monday evening, April 16, through Monday, April 23, 1923.

The course covers Troop Management, with special reference to the Patrol System, games, singing, dancing, and other outdoor activities. Tenderfoot work and a few other class subjects will be tested.

A special three-day course for Commissioners and Council Members is planned for April 21, 22, and 23 (instead of the following week, as announced).

The fee, which includes board, will be: For the whole week, \$15.00. For Commissioners' days only, \$6.00.

Camp Director requests that all students arrive Monday, April 16, in time for supper at 6:00 p. m.

DIRECTIONS FOR TRANSPORTATION.

Take train from Union Station, Washington, B. & O. R. R., for Rockville, Md.—nearest station to Norbeck, Md.

Leave 2:45 p. m. Arrive Rockville, Md., 3:12 p. m.

Leave 5:10 p. m. Arrive Rockville, Md., 5:44 p. m.

Railroad fare, 58 cents each way.

These are the only trains that go to Norbeck daily.

Volunteer auto service will meet these trains and take you from Rockville Station to Manor Club on Monday afternoon.

PERSONAL EQUIPMENT FOR TRAINING WEEK.

Camp uniform: Middy and bloomers, or regular Girl Scout uniform (no uniforms for rent); Scout hat, camp tie, rubbers, raincoat, toilet accessories, towels and washcloths, blankets (one will be provided), sheets and pillow cases (if desired), sweater or coat, sneakers or rubber soled shoes for games (No leather shoes allowed on Manor Hall floor), note book and pencil, Girl Scout handbook.

It is preferred that all equipment be brought in a duffle bag, as the Country Club may be reached by motor only, thus making it practically impossible to handle trunks.

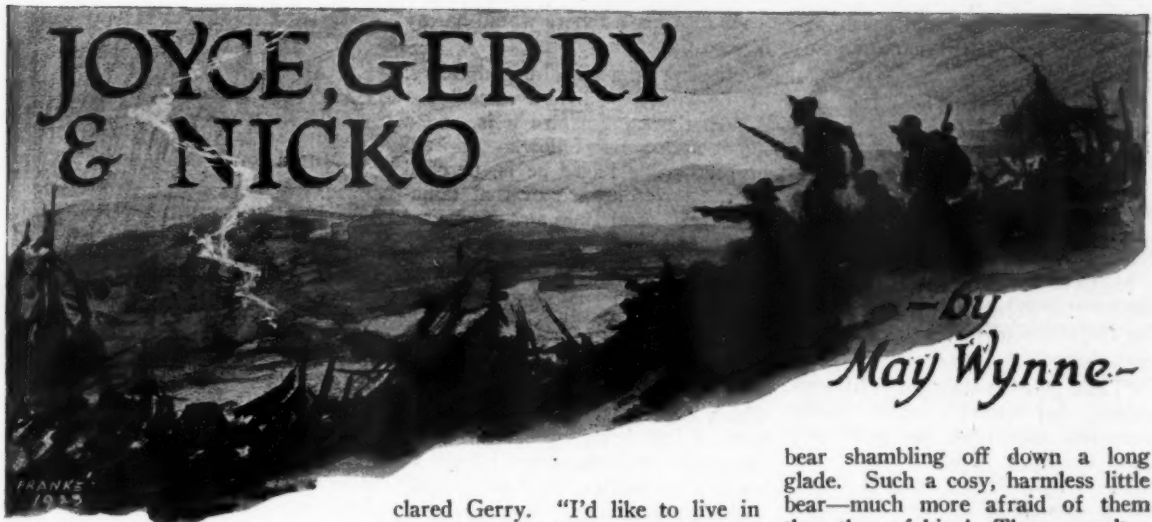
TRAINING SCHOOLS FOR LEADERS



SUMMER CAMPS 1923

- I. **FIRST NATIONAL TRAINING SCHOOL**, Long Pond, Plymouth, Mass.
Encampments: (11th) Three weeks: May 26 to June 16.
 Special program for Camp Directors.
 (12th) Four weeks: June 30 to July 28.
 (13th) Two weeks: August 4 to August 18.
Registrations: Miss Katherine Briggs, 10 Allerton Street, Brookline, Mass. After May 19, R. F. D., Bournedale, Mass.
- II. **ROCK HILL CAMP**, Mahopac, Putnam County, N. Y.
Encampment: (3d) Two weeks: Saturday, June 30 to Saturday, July 14.
Registrations: Miss Caroline Lewis, 15 Court Street, White Plains, N. Y.
- III. **CAMP ANDREE CLARK**, Briarcliff Manor, N. Y.
Encampment: (2d) Three weeks: Monday, June 4, through Friday, June 22. Special schools for General Scout Leaders, Camp Directors and Local Directors.
Registrations: Mrs. Jane Deeter Rippin, 189 Lexington Avenue, New York City.
- IV. **CAMP PROCTOR**, California, Ohio.
Encampment: (3d) Nine weeks: Monday, July 2 to Monday, September 3.
 Training in same camp with Girl Scouts.
Registrations: Miss Agnes M. Reeve, 25 East 9th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.
- V. **CAMP TALL TREES**, Media, Pa.
Encampment: (3d) Three weeks: Saturday, June 16 to Saturday, July 7.
Registrations: Miss Viola MacGowan, Girl Scout Headquarters, 1503 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.
- VI. **CAMP JULIETTE LOW**, Cloudland, Ga.
Encampments: (3d) Two weeks: Saturday, June 30 to Saturday, July 14.
 (4th) Two weeks: Saturday, July 14 to Saturday, July 28.
 Special opportunity for practice work with Scouts.
Registrations: Miss Dorris Hough, 84 Marietta Street, Atlanta, Ga.
- VII. **CAMP MINNESOTA**, Superior National Forest, Northern Minnesota.
Encampment: (1st) Two weeks: Sunday, August 12 to Sunday, August 26.
Registrations: Miss Marjorie Edgar, Girl Scout Office, 89 South 10th Street, Minneapolis, Minn.
- VIII. **CAMP for Chicago and Cook County**, Illinois. (Site to be determined.)
Encampment: (1st) Two weeks: Saturday, June 2 to Saturday, June 16.
Registrations: Miss Florence E. Neill, 326 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

SPECIAL PROGRAMS MAY BE OBTAINED FOR EACH SCHOOL -- TUITION, \$8.00; BOARD ABOUT \$7.00 A WEEK
THESE SCHOOLS TRAIN LEADERS FOR GIRL SCOUTS ESPECIALLY IN CAMPCRAFT, FIRST AID AND NATURE Lore



READ THIS FIRST.

Joyce and Gerry are sisters who live on a farm in Canada. Their father, Professor Alford, plans to go into the wilds to discover gold, and is forced to take his daughters with him, as their house has just been burned to the ground. They reach the town of Grey where they meet the son of their father's friend—Nicko—who accompanies them. Nicko and his father had been over the trail before, but on their return his father was killed by one of Darroll's Boys—a group of outlaws—Nicko believes. Two Indians are engaged to guide them on their expedition. One night, an arrow is shot into the camp and the Indians tell the Professor that it is a warning for them to go back. Nicko speaks very crossly to the Indians, who immediately take all the canoes and disappear, leaving the party to continue their way unguided.

CHAPTER VII.

On Through the Forest.

AT first no one could believe the Indians had so basely deserted them. Nicko ran like a hare for half a mile along the river bank, but it was no use. Not a sign or trace of the men or the canoes were to be found. They had gone, and it was soon very evident that they did not mean to return!

No one blamed Nicko, but the boy blamed himself horribly.

"It was all my b-beastly temper," he said, gulping down a sob. "I knew as well as anyone that Algonquins wouldn't stand a word of blame. Gee whiz! I guess I'd like to give them something to really go on."

"It only means we shall have a longer walk through this lovely forest," said Joyce cheerily, "and as there's no hurry about keeping an appointment, I don't see it matters."

"I think it's jolly sport," de-

clared Gerry. "I'd like to live in the wilds. Think how tame Sunnymede will be after this. Whose bump of locality is going to be best?"

"We had better study the map," said the Professor. "We must follow the river if possible to Lone Pine Clearing, then you, Nicko, will know the lay of the land."

Nicko nodded. He was most grateful to this happy-go-lucky family for taking his shortcoming so philosophically. If the Professor had raged at him, he could not have blamed him. But it was not the Professor's way to rage at anyone or thing. He had already almost forgotten the reason for the lengthened march, and grew quite cheerful over tracing the way along the river to his goal.

"We can't have too much of a good thing," said Nicko to Gerry, as the pair of close allies walked on ahead of the others. "I guess if it came to liking, I would rather wander around to explore the forests and lakes, instead of locating Rising Moon Creek."

Gerry nodded.

"So would I! But if we were going to live here altogether, I should want to go home first and fetch along Uncle Charlie and Dinah and Robbins, and some of my school chums. P'raps it's best only to come here as an adventure; but it's like sucking a candy—I want it to go slow. The forest's so full of things, isn't it? Look at that saucy squirrel up there; what a hope he's got."

As Gerry said, the forest was so full of things that they felt they needed two pairs of eyes and two pairs of feet all the time. Gerry stood entranced at sight of a black

bear shambling off down a long glade. Such a cosy, harmless little bear—much more afraid of them than they of him! There wasn't a chance for Nicko to go deer stalking either, though they put more than one herd to flight. And those forest lakes—they were beautiful, with masses of wax-like lilies floating over their serene waters.

"It's a fairyland," cried Gerry. "Do let's call dad, and ask him to let us rest here a bit."

They looked around as she spoke. They had been so engrossed with the wonders of the forest that they had forgotten the companions they supposed to be just behind them.

Seeing no signs of either the Professor or Joyce, they grew startled.

"Have we been hurrying?" asked Gerry. "Dad never will hurry; he's always too busy looking for bugs and flowers and listening to the birds. We'd better get back on the track for a way."

They ran back some distance. The glades were empty except for a brown rabbit or so. Had they taken a wrong turn? They had no map, and certainly they had missed the river bank. The glades had been so wide and fascinating that they had kept straight ahead. And where were their bumps of locality?

"We must find the river," said Nicko, "then we shall get on the trail for sure. Don't look so blank. There's the river, see? To the right."

"Let's try a shout," urged Gerry, "I—I'm sure there are no Indians about," and, curling her hands round her mouth, she gave a most piercing squeal:

"Dad! Joyce! D-a-d! Jo-Joyce!"

Nicko joined in, and the forest seemed to echo with the call. Was

that an echo? Clear and harsh, after silence had fallen, came an answering call.

"Dad! Joyce! Da-ad! Jo-Joyce!"

Gerry clung to Nicko's arm.

"That's not *them*," she whispered ungrammatically. "That's neither of their voices! Can it be Indians—or Darroll's Boys?"

Nicko stood with puckered brows. He didn't like the situation, but Gerry's evident fear claimed his reassurance.

"Let's give another yell," he suggested, but Gerry's shrill treble quavered this time, as with one hand clutching Nicko's arm she tried to look "every way at once" for a crouching enemy. It made both their hearts beat unpleasantly fast when again the harsh tones of the unseen mimicker made the reply: "Dad! Joyce!"

"Look!" screamed Gerry. "Oh, Nicko, there they are! And—oh, Joyce is calling."

Away she ran—headlong, in the direction of the two who came quickly down a side glade. Nicko—vastly relieved—pretended to be amused at Gerry's rapturous huggings of sister and father.

"I guessed we should have located you long before," he said. "We went too fast."

"My fault, lad," he confessed. "I found a magnificent specimen of a moth asleep on a small twig, and was most anxious to secure it without damaging its wings."

"But, Dad," urged Gerry, her arm around Joyce's waist, "there are other people about. They were mimicking us. I was scared stiff. Do you think they are Indians?"

Professor Alford glanced around.

"Are you *sure*?" he asked. "Did you see anyone?"

"Not a shadow," said Nicko, "but we heard them all right. Didn't you?"

"I thought once that the call didn't sound like your voices," said Joyce. "Give another shout; then we may hear them again."

Nicko obeyed, and yet again came the weird, harsh answer.

The Professor chuckled.

"I suspected it," he declared. "Very good! Very good, indeed! You are not the first, Nicko, to be deceived by a masog—the cleverest mockingbird in the world—not even to be beaten by his Indian rival."

At first his listeners would hardly believe the trickery.

"It can't be a bird," urged Gerry. "It has much too loud a voice."

"All the same a bird it is, and a most audacious fellow," retorted her father. "There he is, perched on the lower branch of that tamarack tree. And I am almost obliged to Mr. Masog for relieving my mind, so we can push forward without anxiety."

"Keeping together," added Joyce. "We simply mustn't be lost again."

Twilight forests always brought back part of the haunting fear which that most unpleasant arrow had set into being. And the delay had made it impossible to hope to reach their halting place that night.

A fire was always kindled when they pitched camp, in case of stray

CHAPTER VIII.

The Final Warning.

DIDN'T you sleep well, last night, Dad?" asked Joyce, as she and Gerry came back from a bath in a small lake near. "You look very tired."

Her father smiled and passed off the question with a jest. He had buried that arrow and determined to say nothing about it, but its appearance had kept the poor gentleman very wide awake till dawn, and the experience of those long hours had not been a pleasant one.

Two arrows! Two warnings! What would the third be? It was most trying—most nerve racking. Every plan was in confusion. Alford was quite sure in his secret heart that the appearance of the



"I can stop the bleeding," she said, first in English, then in halting Indian tongue.

night prowlers, but the little party did not sit gossiping long around it. The daily journey made sleepy heads and tired feet. Within a half an hour after supper not an eye was open.

So far, indeed, the travellers had not thought of the necessity of keeping watch, but the idea did suggest itself to the Professor that night as for once he sat resting back against a pine tree, watching the red embers glow, pale, and fall in grey and white ashes to the ground. The fire was almost out, and the Professor's own lids were drooping, when the faintest sound startled him into wakefulness.

And there, amongst the dying embers of the fire, quivered an arrow, tipped with feathers of black and white.

first arrow had been the true reason for their guide's desertion, and that desertion had been disastrous, for the Professor had intended to make arrangements with the men to await their return at Lone Pine Clearing.

The journey home would be a lengthy and trying expedition on foot.

Not that the Professor ever looked too far ahead. Sufficient to the day was *usually* his maxim. But the mysterious second arrow was rather more than sufficient for several days!

"I was dreaming of eggs last night, bad luck!" said Nicko.

Joyce shook her head.

"Bad digestion more likely," she

replied. "I don't believe in dreams, do you, dad?"

"It's the Indians who are so awfully superstitious, isn't it?" asked Gerry. "You told us once about their manitous, Dad. Do explain again."

NORTH American Indians," said the Professor, "are great worshippers of Nature. They have types and prototypes of everything in nature. In the Land of Spirits, they believe, dwell the types of all living things on earth. There, the beavers are represented by a Great Beaver who protects all beavers on earth; a Great Eagle guards the destiny of all eagles; a great Deer watches over all deer. These are the *manitous* of all. And the red man himself chooses his own manitou after much prayer and thought.

"The manitou has its type, such as the feather of a red bird, worn and treasured in a tiny box and always concealed on its owner's person. The feather is a symbol of the man's protector, his chosen 'spirit.' They have strange fancies, these red men—and it would be difficult to disabuse their minds of them."

"Breakfast is ready," said matter-of-fact Joyce. She was not nearly as interested in *manitous* as in the making of flapjacks and coffee!

Stores were none too plentiful and, while the forest offered much to keep off starvation, future prospects of food were not too rosy, should any accident rob them of certain stores which Nicko said had been left by his father concealed in a small cave near Rising Moon Creek.

Lone Pine Clearing was reached that day, and the next two days passed without adventure.

"I remember the way now," said Nicko. "We shall have to pass what dad called the 'Dead Chief' Valley. Some place! It turned me sick when we first located it."

Professor Alford nodded.

"Ah, that is true Algonquin custom," said he. "You mean you found a dead chief set to watch the valley? Other tribes have their 'death lodges' built for their great dead, but the Algonquins always pursued their own burial method. I shall be interested in seeing it, though it carries its own warning. For where a valley is guarded by a dead chief, you may be sure the tribe is located fairly near."

"We found some deserted

lodges," said Nicko. "Dad's theory was that the Indians got the wind up and bolted—thought the agent had heard of their settlement and might come to bring them back to the reserve. What do you think, sir?"

Alford mused. "If they left their dead behind them, they have not gone for long," was his reply. "Is this valley far? And must we locate it before reaching the creek?"

"Mightn't really be necessary," said Nicko, "but I'm afraid if I struck a fresh trail I might lose the way altogether. Won't it be best to go straight ahead? The valley's not half a mile distant."

"Right. Then we will go through with it but we must be on our guard, keeping close together. My idea is to halt at Dilman's shack on the old Indian burying ground. If we make that our headquarters we shall be safe from the Redskins."

"Sure thing," agreed Nicko with a wry grimace. "Some place, though, I should say! It's half a ruin, and somehow beastly."

The Professor smiled.

"Its beastliness," he retorted, "may save us from something *beastlier*. So we'll sample it. Ah!"

The last exclamation was one of keenest interest, as they emerged into the open at the head of a long valley. Close beside them was a great rock—or, rather, two great rocks—on which was placed the strangest and weirdest of objects.

GERRY clutched at Joyce, and the two girls stood together some short distance apart from their companions, who approached the rock for a closer examination of the sun-blackened corpse of an Indian chieftain which was sent there in the full glory of his chieftain's dress, a turkey feather mantle hanging around skeleton shoulders, the skin of a wildcat bound about the shrunken legs, the bear-claw clasp about the neck and the fantastic headdress of eagle's plumes, which waved in the breeze. Tomahawk, hunting knife and axe were placed beside the dead man; at the foot of the rock lay the bleached bones of his dead horse.

Something of majesty still belonged to the pitiful display of humanity; a weird solemnity haunted the spot where dead eyes looked down upon forest and valley, stream and lake. The very air echoed with the wild Indian lament for the dead—"Mirambo! Mirambo!"

"Do let us come away," pleaded Joyce to her father, who was highly interested in this royal sepulchre. "It is too horrible for words. Can't we run down the valley and out of sight of it? I call it the nastiest idea."

"He is even wearing the scalps of his enemies," said Nicko, with a boy's relish of the horrible. "My word! I wonder what some of the agents would say if they saw that old blighter. There wouldn't be so much talk of a degenerate race dying out."

"Look!" exclaimed Gerry. "Here's an arrow, fixed right in a cleft of the rock. I'm sure it wasn't here a minute ago, but no one could have shot it. Is it black magic?"

NICKO whistled and, without a word, sprang back into the forest.

"Don't, Nicko," screamed Joyce. "Come back! Don't go! Oh, there must be Indians following us, and—and they may shoot you."

Gerry ran to peer behind some close-growing shrubs.

"I thought I saw something move," she explained breathlessly, "but nothing moved now."

The Professor, quite pale with agitation, was examining the arrow. He knew the significance of *three* in the Indian mind, and guessed that this was the last warning they were likely to receive.

Nicko returned, panting and breathless.

"Not a sign of a creature," he declared. "I begin to believe there is black magic in it."

"I'm scared stiff," said Gerry, honestly. "I wouldn't mind fighting half so much. I hate people who get behind your back."

The Professor tossed the arrow aside and straightened himself. The silent messenger had actually aroused his fighting blood.

"The sooner we locate Dilman's shack, the better" said he. "When we are there we must make our plans. I guess the earlier we are back at Rib Lake, the better for—our nerves."

The rustling of long grasses echoed his words.

CHAPTER IX.

Joyce Renders First Aid.

JOYCE rubbed sleepy eyes. It was not often she was awake before Gerry, who lay sleeping placidly beside her.

Dad and Nicko were over there, or, if not, would have gone for a morning bath in the river.

They would be back, hungry as mountain wolves, for breakfast. And Joyce was a regular little housewife. The meals of the party were her responsibility, though Gerry was always ready to help—when she remembered. But, if cooking and catering had been left to Gerry, I am afraid the party would have often been left hungry.

DAD'S sure to want to start early," thought Joyce, "and I must be prepared. First thing, then—water for the coffee; then sticks for the fire; and while the kettle is boiling I'll get Gerry to come along and pick some wild raspberries."

Joyce loved to plan. She was more methodically minded than Gerry, and liked having things ship-shaped.

Gerry still slept the sleep of the just. Nicko and her father had evidently gone for their bath, and Joyce had all her jobs to herself. She drew the water from the lake and set off to collect firewood. It was an ideal morning, with the heavy dew still on the grass and the fragrant scent of flowers in the air. Oh, the glory of that wonderful forest! The lights and shades, the splendid trees—pine, spruce, tamarack chiefly—the peaceful lakelets and browsing deer. Joyce's work did not get on quite as fast as it should, as she was tempted from glade to glade to spy new beauties. She had inherited her father's worship of Nature, and was watching the flight of a dainty grey bird with crimson beak, unknown to her by name, when she heard a fierce snarl and at the same moment saw the tall figure of an Indian leap from a crouching position to receive the attack of a timber wolf which had sprung out upon him.

The Indian was unprepared, since in his turn he had been hiding in ambush either for the approach of a timid deer, or maybe of Joyce herself.

He had his work cut out for him now, however, and no attention to spare for the "white bird of the clearing," who stood petrified with terror at sight of the brief struggle. For the grey wolf had made a mistake this time and, before ever its fierce teeth could meet in that brown throat, the hunter's knife was driven deep into its heart.

Joyce did not stir. She was not

thinking of her own danger, even when the wolf lay quivering in its death throes. She was watching the Indian, who leaned back against a tree, vainly trying to staunch the blood which flowed from a long flesh wound in his forearm where the terrible claws had ripped the flesh. Blood spouted in a small fountain where an artery had been cut, and the consequences might have been serious had not help been at hand, for the tussle brought temporary exhaustion.

Joyce ran impulsively to the wounded man's side. She had a large white handkerchief—a really sensible one—which she already began to tear.

"I can stop the bleeding," she said: first in English, then in halting Indian tongue.

The warrior looked at her without exhibiting any surprise. It is part of a redskin's training to hide his feelings behind an impenetrable mask. Running Deer, brave of the Algonquin tribe, free by his action to roam the forest home of his forefathers, was a stickler for the keeping of tradition!

No one could have supposed that the apparition of a young white girl in the heart of primeval forests surprised him. No emotion of any kind crossed his bronze-hued countenance, as, with subtle eyes, he watched the deft fingers at their task.

Joyce had a medal for "First Aid," and was uncommonly proud of it! How thankful she was to know how to check that awful bleeding and bind the long, gaping wound.

When it was finished, she fully realized that this unknown Indian was most probably an enemy. With a quick gasp she drew back, the color fading from her face.

THE Indian regarded her for a moment in contempt.

"Cowesass?—*tawich wessaseeh?*" he asked, and Joyce's knowledge of "Indian" was sufficient for her to know that he asked the reason for her fear.

She did not reply, and the man, with a glance from her to his arm, moved away. Over the body of the dead wolf he paused to speak again.

"Running Deer," said he, with a magnificent air of condescension, "is grateful. He will not forget what the fawn of the Yengees had done for him. Let the white fawn be wise, and seek the waters of her native lakes."

Joyce could not understand all the speech, but she was glad at least to know that the Indian was obliged for her help. Shuddering, she looked down at the dead wolf, and then, hearing her name called, hurried back to the camp.

"I forgot all about the firewood," she began to explain, when Gerry stopped her by uttering a loud exclamation.

"Look at your skirt," she cried. "It's blood! You're not hurt, are you? What have you been doing?"

Joyce's laugh was rather tremulous.

"Bandaging a red Indian," said she. "He told me his name was Running Deer. He was grateful. I think he wanted us to go home, that's all!"

"All, indeed!" retorted Nicko, wrathfully. "I should say so! What further adventure were you on the lookout for? Why, he might have scalped you!"

JOYCE patted her gleaming tresses thoughtfully.

"He didn't want to, at all," she retorted. "He was no more savage than the Indians of the reserve—only bigger. And now, as *I've* had the adventure, *you* will all have to come and help me do the work. It will be at least twenty minutes before the kettle boils, and we must hurry up. It might be a race with the Indians. They know where to find us now—if they want us."

Gerry was busy pinching herself, with a comical look of disgust on her small brown face.

"I'm punishing myself for being such a stupid sleepy-head," she exclaimed to Joyce as they set about breakfast preparations. "Just fancy being asleep—snoring, most likely—whilst you were having such a gorgeous time."

Joyce cracked a wild fowl's egg into a primitive frying pan. "I'm not sure it was gorgeous," she retorted. "I hated seeing the wolf leap out on Running Deer, and if I had happened to think about scalping afterwards, I should have been awfully scared. It was lucky the wolf wounded Running Deer, or he might have been a whole lot nastier."

"And anyway," added Gerry contentedly, "we are sure to meet with other adventures before we get Nicko's nuggets down to Sunny-mede. We might try making a rhyme about them—an alliterative sort of thing. Listen:

(Continued on page 26.)

THE SHADOW PARTY

By Gertrude Allen

Illustrated by A. L. Springett

SOMEONE will have to go to him." Mrs. Paine looked up from the letter she had been reading aloud and glanced around the family. "Who will it be?" She put the letter down and once more glanced from face to face before her.

The first hand to go up was Norda's—the eldest girl's. "I'll go—I'd love to go to grandfather," she said.

Mrs. Paine hesitated, turning to her husband. Norda was the center of the family group, the center of a host of girl friends, the center of fun and frolic. "I don't believe it would do for Norda," she said to her husband, "do you? It will be awfully lonely."

She looked at Beatrice, the second daughter. Beatrice was the quiet member of the family, the student; the "bookworm," Norda called her. Beatrice was content to go off by herself for hours, if she could only have a book. She had little to do with her sisters, little to do with other girls, little to do even with her parents—books were her life. "Beatrice could have more books than ever before," said Mrs. Paine. "She would not miss folks."

"I couldn't stand it," said Beatrice decidedly. "It would give me the creeps. I don't need people, like Norda, but I do need some signs of life. You never see or hear anything out there—morning, noon, or night. And night's the worst of all—it's just terrifyingly quiet. I know. I was there for a whole week, when Aunt Bee had tonsillitis, and sent for me because I was her namesake. Norda's never been there at all—that's why she's so ready to play heroine."

"Why don't you send for grandfather to come here?" asked Editha. "He can have my room and I'll go in with Norda. It would be a shame for Norda to go out there for the whole summer. You might as well pin her on top of Mt. Everest, for all the chums or fun she can have—and we've never planned such a summer—and without Norda it will spoil it all—honestly, mother."

"Yes," said Mr. Paine. "Laura, why not send for your father to

come here? He has never visited us since—let me see—since Norda was born. I don't believe he has been away from Fern Cottage since then, either. It would do him good to have a change while Bee is sailing around Europe."

Mrs. Paine shook her head. "No, you don't realize how rooted father is there. He has all his interest right in his little home; he would be utterly wretched transplanted. He's always been afraid that some day he would have to leave the old place and if we tried to take him away now, he'd never believe it was just temporarily—and somehow I don't believe it would be. No—someone must go to him. It will be a lonely summer, I know, but at least it will be one in which you are doing something really worth while for someone."

"I want to go," said Norda. "I believe it would do grandfather good to have someone young about. Aunt Bee is a dear, but you know she is awfully old-maidy. I think it would be fun to see if I can't stir something up out there on the other side of civilization."

"Stir something up! Wait till you get there!" jeered Beatrice. "If you can stir up anything more

thrilling than salting birds' tails or running after rainbow pots, wire me, special delivery."

"I almost believe something thrilling will happen," said Editha, looking at Norda with profound admiration. "You're always ready to leap into breaches that look like—canyons, to other people. I'd almost bet you'd get the rainbow pot, or maybe salt a nightingale."

Beatrice followed Norda into her room that night, at bedtime. "Nord," she said, "I've a feeling that you are getting yourself into a trap. Not a trap that anyone knows they are setting, but a trap, nevertheless. There's a reason why Aunt Bee is leaving Fern Cottage. I don't know what it is, but I know there is a reason, and not just what mother said, that she was very tired and needed a change."

"Woman, explain yourself!" laughed Norda, sitting down on the edge of the bed and facing her. "What kind of a trap? Why a trap? Whose trap?"

Beatrice waved her nonsense aside. "I don't believe, Nord," she said earnestly, "that Aunt Beatrice intends to go back."

Norda sat up straight. "Gra-



Breathless, Norda looked after the vanishing car.

cious!" she exclaimed, "Whatever gave you that idea?"

"It's a feeling," said Beatrice. "I don't know that I can tell just what gave it to me. But, for one thing, I heard mother say to father: 'Well, you know, dear, staying with father is Bee's job. And father answered: 'Well, you know, dear, folks resign the best jobs sometimes, and you could hardly expect Bee to stay there *now*!' I think it was the way he said '*now*' that gave me the feeling," finished Beatrice.

NORDA laughed. "Is that all? Wouldn't I be a silly if I let the way father said '*now*' scare me into thinking I was walking into a trap because I was willing to go out and spend the summer with my grandfather, while my aunt is having a trip to Europe! Really, Beatrice, you can find more things to worry about than any girl I ever knew."

"Besides," Norda added, "you don't suppose mother and father would let me lose my High School class, do you, next fall?" She rose. "Shoo the scares away, Beatrice."

Beatrice looked straight at her. "Do you know what I think, Nord? I think, when fall comes, *you* will be the one who offers to stay, just as you were the one who offered to go."

"Well—if I do? I'd only offer because I wanted to," laughed Norda. "That's the very silliest scare of all."

Fern Cottage proved to be all that Beatrice had painted it—certainly there were no rainbow pots and no nightingales' tails; and at first the nights were "terrifyingly quiet," for the cottage was built on the edge of a wood, ten miles from the village and three miles from the main road. The nearest neighbors, Norda said, didn't exist! by which she referred to the people who lived on the big estate that bordered Fern Cottage on one side and who were, apparently, always away. At least the place had been all shut up tight and dreary when Norda, on a bright spring morning, had arrived. And her grandfather, in answer to her interested questions about the place, had put her aside with an—"Oh, they're wealthy folks who are always flitting. Maybe it will be years before any one of them comes back here again."

Norda's grandfather, Crawford Ward, was a well-known botanist, who had made the study of ferns his specialty. So he was content to live at Fern Cottage and study and

write about his subject. Occasionally some other famous botanist or nature enthusiast would penetrate to Fern Cottage and visit with the learned man, and very occasionally he—contrary to his son-in-law's idea—went on a fern pilgrimage. But these rare visits and excursions were the only breaks in his round of life—a life as different from that to which Norda was accustomed as if it had been part of another plane.

One morning when Norda and her grandfather with the collie Laddie at their heels, were out by the side of the house digging some ferns, there was a most unaccustomed sound: that of an automobile rolling along the rough road. Norda stopped, looked up and turned. One of the most beautiful cars she had ever seen was rolling swiftly by—a shining grey car, lined with a dove-like grey, and driven by a girl—a girl also dressed in grey. She drove the car with an easy, haughty grace; looking neither to the right nor to the left, she swept past the two diggers with head erect.

Breathless, Norda looked after the vanishing car. "Grandpa, who was the princess?" she demanded.

Her grandfather shrugged his shoulders. "I didn't look," he answered. "Probably someone from Hardwick Hall. No one else ever passes." He went on with his digging. "Want to give a hand on these roots Norda, while I bring the earth up around them?"

Whether her grandfather was really more interested in his ferns than in the passing car, or whether he had purposely changed the subject, Norda could not be sure. However, she let him have his way, whatever the reason, and devoted herself to his ferns for the rest of the morning. But at lunch time, she came into the dining room with a little smile. "Grandpa," she said, "is there any plant growing around here with very big, strong thorns—big enough to prick a tire? I'd like to lay it in the road and see if I can't make that grey car stop here the next time it thinks it is going to go sailing by."

But Crawford Ward did not laugh at her pleasantry. "No, no," he said quickly. "Let those people alone; let them alone, Norda."

But even this promise of excitement was not to last long. In two more days the hall was closed once more, and Norda and her grandfather went on with their routine

of life without any further surprising episodes.

August passed and September came—the month in which Aunt Beatrice was to return. And then the unexpected happened.

Aunt Beatrice wrote that she had decided to stay abroad until after Christmas.

A letter from her mother to Norda brought the news. "My dear girl," the letter read, "you have done your part. You may come home now whenever you say so. Beatrice or Editha will go down and stay till Aunt Bee comes back again."

And a letter from Beatrice—short and sweet—"Didn't I tell you so?"

And one from Editha: "Oh, Norda, don't ask me to go down there *now*. I've got the prettiest new school dress, and I'm going to begin Spanish, and we've formed a walking club. Really, Norda, I just couldn't. Make it Beatrice, this time."

AND one from her father: "Come back as soon as you are ready. I think as I have told your mother, the only thing to do is to close Fern Cottage for the winter, and bring your grandfather back with you."

Norda laid the four epistles down on the coverlid and looked at them. She was lonely—she couldn't deny that. She hadn't really known it till the time to go back home had drawn so near. Then she had begun thinking again of home, of the girls, of High School and of all the good times ahead for the year. She would not let her grandfather see her eagerness, but lately it had seemed as if she would push the days along.

And now Aunt Beatrice was not coming till after Christmas!

Not coming—that meant she must stay here! Or else that Beatrice or Editha—or else that grandfather would go back with her, and Fern Cottage be closed. No, *that* was impossible. Norda knew she would never stand for that. Grandfather must stay here.

She glanced at the letters—at Editha's. "Really, Norda, I just couldn't." Poor little Editha; she'd cry herself sick. No, it must not be Editha.

She turned to Beatrice's brief scrawl. It certainly wouldn't be fair to throw this back on Beatrice. Beatrice had warned her of just this thing, and if she had followed

Beatrice's advice, she wouldn't have come at all, and this present situation would have been avoided. No, it wouldn't be fair to Beatrice—

Still looking at the four letters, Norda smiled, a grim little smile: she was the only alternative left. And then suddenly she remembered what Beatrice had said: "I think, when fall comes, you will be the one who offers to stay, just as you were the one who offered to go."

Norda caught up her pen. "Dear family," she wrote, "of course I'm going to stay right on till Aunt Bee comes home. Grandfather and I have wonderful times, and I'm really awfully interested in ferns now—grandfather even is talking about dedicating his next fern book to me! And it will be beautiful here when the snow comes. There's no trouble about school, for I'm half a year ahead of my class now, so I'll just be even when I go back for the second semester. Anyone who has ever lived out here would never think of asking grandfather ever to come back to town. He wouldn't live a week. Editha, please send me a photograph of the new school dress, and write me about the walking club—who belongs"—and more to the same purpose. Then she folded and put it in an envelope, stamped, sealed it and addressed it to "Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. Paine and Family," and went at once and took it down to the mail box, so that its fate was settled.

At that, Norda would jump up and seek out her grandfather, or run outdoors and do something in the garden, or something about the house.

And at last September passed. It was a dull day in early October, and at breakfast, grandfather said:

WHY doesn't somebody go chestnutting today? We had a frost last night and there's a good breeze blowing today—it will bring the nuts down in fine shape."

There was some copying to do for her grandfather in the morning and some baking, and it was afternoon before Norda got out. She called Laddie to go with her, but for some reason the collie did not follow. The nutting was not very good after all—scattered falls—a few here and there. Norda, in her tweed knickers, went tramping through the woods, kicking over the piles of leaves with her foot, or poking at them with the long stick she carried. Without thinking, she had climbed over the stone wall that

separated the Hall from Fern Cottage—a thing she had never done before, because the Hall was the kind of estate that hedged itself around with signs warning strangers not to enter. At every approach a board screamed at Norda in great black letters that the estate was private property and no trespassing allowed. The signs were in keeping with the princess' bearing and her grandfather's attitude toward their nearest neighbors.

Coming to a large spreading tree she suddenly decided to try to climb it and, swinging herself onto a lower limb, began to work her way upward.

Suddenly, from the lower branches, she caught a glimpse of the Hall, at close hand, and realized that she was trespassing on private property. She was about to climb down quickly, when her attention was caught by something moving over at the side of one of the wings of the big mansion. In another minute she saw that it was a man, and then, that he had a companion with him. They were peering at one of the windows, tried it, found it locked, and went on to another. This one they tried to see in, one man holding the other up.

They were not, Norda felt instantly sure, residents of the Hall. Their actions and their appearance excited her suspicions. She decided that she did not care to get down till they had gone away, as she knew that she was concealed from view by the branches below her.

Evidently the men were finishing their examination of the house, for almost immediately they started away, coming directly toward Norda. She held her breath, for they were approaching the very tree upon which she sat. They paused beneath it.

They stopped to take out some tobacco and start a smoke. But while they were filling their pipes and lighting their matches, Norda heard them say: "Tonight's the night to do it—it'll take three of us to make a clean get-away."



"Horton's car will hold it all. It'll have to—they'll be back here next week."

And they went on, still talking.

Almost afraid to breathe, Norda waited till the men were long out of sight.

It was plain what was on foot, a looting of the Hall before the return of the owners "next week."

Norda's first thought was that she must get to the town and summon protection. But, as if in answer to this thought, the wind began to stiffen and Norda could see that a storm was gathering. With a ten-mile walk to town, she would be too late, if she were able to make it at all.

WHAT could she do—a single girl against three, perhaps more, men?

The great dark house loomed ominously before her, seeming by its very darkness to be a part of the men's plotting—to shut out her.

Yet, perhaps, it was its very darkness that suddenly made her cry out: "I have it! Lights—lots of lights in every room, and O!" and she caught her breath, "one girl can make a lot of shadows!" She laughed: "A Shadow Party—that's what I'm going to give this evening—at Hardwick Hall!"

It was a daring plot, to give the Hall the appearance of being unexpectedly opened! Daring enough to set the heart beating fast of an older and braver girl than Norda. But Norda was not to be stopped by a fast beating heart!

She jumped down from the tree, and cautiously approached the dark house. "Surely, there'll be a way for me to get in." There was! Almost the first window she tried, yielded. Whether the men had opened it, or whether it had been overlooked in locking up the house, Norda did not know. But the great fact was that it yielded. Norda climbed in through the opened window and closed it quickly behind her.

When she came out again, the wind had increased in violence till a veritable gale was blowing. Norda had to hold on to her hat with both hands as she fought her way down the drive. But the matter that was concerning her now was, how was she to elude her grandfather?

But on this point Fortune—good or bad—favored Norda. Mr. Ward had gone to bed with a headache, leaving a note on his desk saying he

(Continued on page 29.)

BACK TO NATURE

By Rebecca Traill Hodges

Illustrated by Marjorie Flack

THE three Maxwell sisters formed a triumvirate that was considered by their friends to be practically impregnable. It was always conceded that where one was, the other two were sure to be found somewhere in the near vicinity. They were as nearly inseparable as it is possible for three distinct human beings to be and since the oldest was only two years older than the fourteen-year youngest, it can readily be seen why they were such close pals.

Even down to their very likes and dislikes, they were strangely identical. They loved everything that had to do with outdoors, and the enforced tasks of a house, according to their views, were duties to be hurried through as fast as possible. To them a roof and four walls meant just something to come in under only at the last possible moment.

But when the subject of Girls' Camp came up for discussion one year, Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell, much to their surprise, found that the girls turned deaf ears.

"No, that's not a bit what we'd like," Elsie, the eldest, remarked. "Is it?"

She turned to Lydia and Nancy for confirmation. They shook their heads emphatically.

"The camping part of it is all right," Nance admitted.

"But we want you to go along," Lydia chimed in. "At least, we want to have you somewhere in the near background—you and father."

Mr. Maxwell pushed his chair back from the table and laughed aloud.

"Well, that combination," said he, patting Lydia's shoulder as he arose, "is about as easy to find within a reasonable radius and a most unreasonable pocketbook, as the needle in the haystack you read about."

"But that's what we want," Elsie returned. "The only part of a Girls' Camp that doesn't interest us is the painful lack of parents." She smiled across at her father. "Of course," she went on archly, "in some cases that might be an advantage, but in the Maxwell instance it would be a real calamity. Parents like ours are real assets."

So that was the way things stood for several weeks. Summer vacation plans seemed to remain at a standstill.

However, Fate was on the side of the girls this time, for when, one late spring day, Mr. Maxwell returned from the office, he burst upon the family full of his plans.

"Don't ever tell me," he exclaimed, tossing his hat and coat triumphantly onto the hall table, "that we are not lucky! Listen to this!"

He reported to his breathless audience that Mr. Timothy Harper, the senior member of the firm where he was head of the retail sales, was going abroad for the summer. He had come in that day and remarked as much to the office force.

Consequently the huge Harper estate—the acres upon acres bordering one of the small New Hampshire lakes and extending back into the hills—was to be vacant for the season since they didn't want to rent it to anyone else. There were just a caretaker and his wife who lived in the big house and looked out for things.

All of this Mr. Timothy Harper had confided to him as he stopped to confer with him over the work of his department; also, what was the breath-taking point of the whole thing, he had asked pointblank if the Maxwell family wouldn't like the Lodge for the summer. If they would, it was theirs from the first of July. He said further that a cousin of theirs had it one year and had found it very comfortable. He thought they would, too.

Without waiting to consult a soul, Mr. Maxwell confessed, he had jumped at the chance and had accepted with such blunt alacrity that they had both laughed and shaken hands—the deal was through.

"I hope I haven't made a mistake," he observed, his glance on his wide-eyed hearers.

"Mistake!" they echoed together. "Make all the mistakes like that you want to!"

"We'll get there July first, if we have to walk," Elsie cried. "How about it, girls? Won't it be grand?"

"Grand!" Lydia repeated with a squeal of delight. "It will be glorious! Think of living for two whole months in such utter elegance. The Lodge! My word! The mere sound of it is positively staggering!"

"Think of the winding wood trail," Nancy added in rapture.

"And the tall, murmuring pines and the hemlocks——"

"And a lake to swim in every day——"

"And no skirts to fool with——"

"And 'The Lodge'——" finished Lydia.

The first of July found the Maxwells far from the city and safely ensconced in the little house just within the tall wrought-iron gates of the Harper estate.

The Lodge proved to be a charming place of the English half-timbered variety, with latticed windows that swung outward, and figured chintzes and a huge fireplace in the low-ceiling living room. There were comfortable cushioned chairs scattered about, and even a piano in a corner.

Mrs. Maxwell was delighted with it. She sighed blissfully as she gazed about her and sniffed the air scented from the carpet of sun-warmed pine needles stirred by the gentle breeze.

Every once in a while a touring automobile roaring past on the hard packed highway beyond the gates, vanished in a cloud of dust and a whiff of gasoline, while far, far back of them, and stretching out on either side, lay the miles that made up the Harper estate.

Through a little rift in the trees she caught a glimpse of the red chimneys and green roof of the distant big house.

"Isn't it just too beautiful for words?" she murmured softly, as the assembled family looked around the next morning and listened to the sighing of the wind and the insistent song of the birds.

"Yes, it's perfect," Elsie commented flatly. "Perfect. Too perfect for a camp."

"Goodness, yes," added Lydia. "I feel completely civilized. Where is our boasted independence?"

"The only wild thing about us," reflected Nancy dubiously, "is our thoughts. Our bedrooms are such works of art, I feel like dropping a curtesy all the time and saying, 'Yes, me Lord!' We want something really primitive."

Her father shouted. "All right," he promised, "I think I can show you trails that'll be wild enough to suit even you. After breakfast I'll take you on a real hike. Back in those hills it looks amply rugged for me!"

His expectations were fully justified. The four climbed on and on, and up and up the steepest of slippery, rocky, near-mountain sides, thru prickly, brambly undergrowth, over ancient stone walls and across noisy, tumbling mountain brooks.

When hours later they stumbled into the doors of the Lodge they were weary, perspiring and literally covered with scratches and mosquito bites; tired and hungry, but jubilant.

"We've found," the girls announced, dropping onto the nearest chairs, "just what we've been looking for, mother, and if everything goes right—and father's going to see that it does, aren't you?—we intend to shake off the dust of civilization from our city feet and live a life close to Nature. It's our Declaration of Independence. Isn't that so, father?"

Mr. Maxwell wiped his moist brow and eased his aching feet. He smiled at their impassioned appeal and nodded.

"I doubt," he ventured, unlacing his shoes carefully, "whether I'll ever be able to walk again. My enthusiasm as a pioneer is wavering.

The girls can uphold the honor of the family on that score, I guess."

Anyway, he went on to relate, it seemed that on top of an especially steep grade and hidden in a small clearing stood a tiny, one-room shack. It contained, as they found out, a miniature fireplace, a few crude cooking utensils, four narrow, slab-like bunks and a make-shift table and bench. Everything was clean but extremely primitive, and the whole outfit had been hailed with glee and riotous cheers by the

hastened to add, "that you don't mind."

"Will it be safe?" Mrs. Maxwell hesitated. "That's the only question."

"I'm going up to see the caretaker at the big house the first thing tomorrow morning, and ask him," Mr. Maxwell continued. "Mr. Harper said he's been here for years and is perfectly trustworthy. So I'd take his word for it, and if he thinks it's all right and perfectly safe, why, I don't see any reason why they shouldn't be indulged, do you?"

Neither did the Scotch caretaker or his equally Scotch wife see any reason why the Maxwell trio should not spend the Fourth and the night before up at the shack. It was used by the Harper boys when they went hunting, he said, and was never molested by a soul.

Consequently it was settled, and the afternoon found Elsie, Lydia and Nancy, knapsacks strapped to their shoulders and enough food for the next day clutched in their arms, well started on their climb. Their parting injunction to their parents was that they would come up early the next morning and join in a real-for-sure joint Fourth of July celebration and



On and on they struggled.

back-to-Nature mode of living. They announced immediately that that was their real idea of a camp and enjoying life.

"So what they want to do," he explained, "is to spend tomorrow night there and all the next day. That will be the Fourth of July, you know, and since they can't have firecrackers or fireworks up here, I told them that could be their celebration: Provided, of course," he

back-to-Nature mode of living. "You won't have to do a thing," they promised. "All day long you'll be sitting around in idle ease and we'll do everything. You'll taste of the joys of true camping. Only come up early; that's all we ask."

The climb took much longer than they expected. The sun was nearing the tops of the tree line when, considerably out of breath, they

reached the shack in the clearing.

"This sure is a pleasant sight for sore eyes," cheered Nancy as they pushed open the door and deposited on the floor their burdens. "Shall we eat now?"

"Oh my, no! We'll have to do a little exploring before supper," Lydia declared.

"We'd better not go too far," advised Nancy. "This is pretty wild and woody, and we don't want to get lost."

"Lost!" hooted Elsie in derision. "Why, we won't get lost, child! Besides, I know an absolutely infallible remedy if you do get lost. You tie a handkerchief to the limb of a tree and then you go carefully around that limb in ever increasing circles, always keeping your eye on the white beacon. I read the rule in a book. It's infallible. So you see we don't have a thing to worry about."

Consequently thus fortified they started on their explorations.

Suddenly Nancy came to a dead stop.

"Goodness me!" she exclaimed. "We'd better go back. Isn't it getting dark quickly?"

"It isn't the dark, it's the fog," explained Lydia, as a mountain mist rolling up from the distant lake gradually enveloped them.

"Well, the effect's the same," Elsie said. "Let's make for the shack—this minute."

ALAS, this proved to be much easier said than done. Their attempts to retrace their steps in the ever increasing twilight were unavailing. No shack, nor any sign of a shack, appeared. Elsie's infallible remedy for the lost—and they were gradually coming to the realization that they were certainly lost—was utterly useless even to try, for the blanket mist and rapidly falling night made everything invisible within a few feet.

The pangs of hunger only added to their misery.

On and on they struggled, barely able now to see each other.

Finally, after what seemed endless ages, they found themselves on a narrow, grassy path which they gingerly and carefully followed for a few yards. They knew it had to go somewhere! Their joy, when they discovered that they had turned into a broad smooth roadway, was as hilarious as their weary bodies could make it be.

Arm in arm they held a consultation of war, their spirits once

more almost as springy as the soft tanbark under their feet.

"Now, this road," Elsie explained, waving her hand vaguely, "is evidently one of the main ones on the estate. It's too well kept to be a side way. It leads, I am sure, from the gates to the big house and *vice versa*. If we reach the house, we'll ask the caretaker to show us the way, and if we get to the gates, why we'll just turn around and go back. Now, which direction shall we take?"

It was finally decided, and they started out.

"I am positive," Nancy finally exploded, "that we've tramped nearly to Canada. I never knew there were so many miles in the State!"

"No, I'll tell you what we've done," Elsie interrupted as all three, leaning their tired bodies against each other, paused to ease their aching feet. "It's easy to see, by the long distance we've walked that either the gates or the house are in the other direction. So I think we'd better turn around."

Her sisters groaned in unison. However, as they were too fatigued to make a protest, they faced about and back.

Never had the Maxwell trio known such a hike in such a night. Both were endless. Time and miles appeared oblivious of everything. Even the numb, horribly hungry girls, plodding dumbly along, lost all track of time and space. Eternities came and went and others took their place.

As the first dim rays of gray light brought into an indistinct blur the outlines of trees and shrubs, and the pale stars faded slowly out, with one accord the now hobbling sisters slackened their faltering steps. Then they stopped short—blank unbelief written on their faces.

"Of all the things!" murmured Lydia weakly. "Look!" They followed her pointing finger, open-eyed and open-mouthed.

Then they began to laugh—first feebly and then, as the full and utter absurdity of it struck them, more and more hilariously.

They saw, unfolded before their eyes, the easy curves of the tanbark

roadway meeting in a complete, unbroken ellipse about a quarter of a mile around. It was on this never-ending pathway that they, the Maxwells, had led their treadmill existence.

It was no wonder they had walked miles! How many, alas, would never be known!

They stared and stared, first at the graceful sweep of the tanbark ring and then at each other.

"It's the first time on record that I am struck speechless," Lydia gurgled. "But where, O where is the shack? Where do we go from here, girls?"

AS they turned their fascinated eyes from the road Elsie gave a squeal. Mutely she lifted an extended arm and forefinger and pointed.

Almost within a stone's throw and just through a vista of trees, right in the pathway of the now rising sun, loomed the shack.

Never had turreted castle walls appeared more welcome to a harassed medieval wanderer! With painfully throbbing feet and wearied bodies the girls hobbled toward their refuge.

"I'd rather die of starvation than lack of sleep," murmured Lydia as all three sank dumbly and blissfully onto the narrow blankets.

When some time later Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell, who had spent a most restful, sleep-filled night on the comfortable beds of the much-too-civilized Lodge, strolled leisurely into the shack, they found three very disheveled, very ravenous girls still stretched in inert heaps across their berths.

Reclining at their wearied ease and waited on by their amused but sympathetic parents they alternately slept and devoured unnumbered plates of bacon prepared by their guests.

"Aren't we model hostesses?" Nancy breathed over her third cup of cocoa.

"This is to celebrate our independence," murmured Elsie.

"Some wild life!" grinned Lydia as she reached for the biscuits. "Back to Nature!"



PIG IN THE WOODS

By Dare Stark McMullin

IN our nursery was a big blue book and on rainy days it was a source of great comfort to us. Whoever thought of it first held the book and turned over the pages, slapping his hand quickly on the words below the pictures, and the two leaning over his shoulder shouted aloud "Collared Peccary!" or "Wapiti Deer" or "Ornithorhynchus". It wasn't considered sporting to read the words on the opposite page, which was just as well, as the author belonged to the fable-telling school of naturalists, and most of his tales were distinctly of the Not-So Stories. Most of his wild animals I hope never to meet! But one shuffling gentleman, pictured like a tipped pincushion full of hat-pins, I have met more than once, and other camping Scouts may meet him, too. He was labelled "The American Porcupine."

We heard him first. Isn't it strange that we sleep all year through all sorts of noises—frightful noises really—in a house, and that after the first night or two in the woods we are broad awake at the first hint of unusual sound? The old, old wild instinct comes alive to take care of us as soon as we trust ourselves again to the stars for roof. This was a gnawing sound,—the faint, busy scrape, scrape, that you hear sometimes in your walls. Somebody sat up, and then someone else sat up, and a few sleepy questions passed about. Was it a deer? But deer don't gnaw. A coyote? But coyotes, like most burglars, are apt to steal and run, and besides the dog was undisturbed. (We found the next morning that the dog had wrapped himself so thoroughly in a mackinaw that he couldn't have smelled any coyote that hadn't crept in with him.)

The most inquisitive of us had covered herself with confusion the night before by coming first into a dark camp, and rushing out again. She met the rest of us on the trail, almost too scared to speak. She said she didn't know what it was, but it rustled dreadfully in the leaves and its eyes were huge and gleamed at her. We all scouted in

cautiously with our sticks and matches, and someone overturned a toad. So even the most inquisitive of us wasn't going to get up and find, probably, a woodrat! We exchanged a few sleepy remarks about the time of night, and everybody curled up in her sleeping bag again.

The next morning we all happened to get up about at once. Usually the rising time in camp is "staggered", and you can see lumpy bags hitching over to dodge the sun till the last minute. The only penalty for the tardy one is "Last up, mop up", and to have to finish up the mush and the rest of the pancake batter isn't such a hardship. But we happened to have planned a climb. And so shrieks arose all over camp at once.

"Look what's happened to my soap!"

"Something's chewed my kodak case".

"What's been eating the bacon?"

"Say, there's holes in this fishing-basket!"

"Where's the grip to my fishing-rod gone?"

"Come and take a look at these tracks."

That midnight visitor's busy teeth had sampled everything leather in camp. And the things that tasted good to him, he had chewed through to the other side. But the little claw-tipped paws led only a little way along the sandy lake shore, and then turned up the hill into the pine woods. Kopje sniffed up the track excitedly, but soon lost it. We could only vow that anything attractive to a porcupine should be tied to a branch out of his reach, and to take paddles and sticks to bed with us. And even a piece of mosquito netting. "I'm going to wrap him in it so he can't shoot his spines at me", said the author of that idea. We assured her that a porcupine couldn't shoot its quills at you any more than a cat can throw its claws. But like Tish she had read it in a book. Anyway nothing happened that night.

A few nights after we heard a great crash. In two seconds there were six woolly-pajamaed crea-

tures dancing around the "kitchen", and begging each other to be careful of her feet and begging anybody to bring a flashlight. Against the pale water-line of the lake, on the grayish shore, there was a humped-up lump of a something, not moving. The flashlight came at last. The something rose up like a sponge as the light fell on it, little black muzzle and staring eyes framed in a huge ruff of coarse, gray fur, and beside it the overturned dishpan of the alarm. It had no fear. But it was very cross. We turned it gently about with a paddle. It moved very slowly, still with that ominous fur sticking up, and behind the ruff we saw the baldish back with a lot of short, untidy quills sticking to it. Then a flattish tail, with more quills nearly hidden in the long hair. He refused to run. He just puffed. And at every gentle touch of the paddle the wicked little quills fell out of him. When everyone had done exclaiming over him, we had to give him a smart little boost with the paddle to start him off. He shuffled himself off into the woods and into obscurity with surprising speed.

The next day a mountain cowman rode through and heard the whole tale.

"Yes", he said, "they ain't much afraid of anything, those pigs. Them and a skunk, everything lets alone. And the law protects them because they're about the only meat a man can kill without a gun. I wouldn't like to have to pluck 'em myself, but they say they taste purtty good when you're lost and hungry. All the same, I'd be obliged if you'd crack him on the head if you see him again. Cows sniff 'em, and then they get a mouthful of quills and they can't eat and they die. So long!"

"So long", we said aloud. "Not that we'll hurt the porcupine," we said to ourselves. "You'd better teach your cows to keep their noses up, or leave them down in the valley." "A man must have some wild life around this camp", said our twelve-year old brother. "Why, I even like the smell of a skunk

(Continued on page 32.)

SCRIBES' CORNER



The Pageant at Camp Proctor, Ohio.

An Annual Campers' Reunion Day

Toward the end of the season at Camp Proctor invitations were sent to all Council members, Leaders and former Girl Scout campers to attend the Fourth Annual Campers' Reunion. Between three and four hundred people responded, many of them coming in the morning, bringing generous lunch baskets and making a day of it.

In the afternoon a program was given of pageants the campers had previously given around the Camp Fire. These had been written and developed by the girls and the costumes concocted of materials in and about camp showed great ingenuity.

Each camp unit had, at the beginning of the season, christened its unit and for Reunion Day presented a pageant illustrating their elected legend. "The Story of Cassiopeia" was dramatized first by the Great Bear Unit. "How The Red Bird Got His Color", the second, was an adaptation of "The Fire Bird" by Gene Stratton Porter. The Sunflower Unit chose the old myth about the Origin of the Sunflower at the hands of Apollo.

"Scouting for Harmony" was a program of Camp Songs given under the direction of the music councillor.

"Scouting for Health" was made up of folk dances on the green and was indicative of what may be done in that line out-of-doors.

"Scouting for Fun" was pyramid building, followed by cartwheels, crab-races, and "skin the snake", under the direction of the instructor in Physical Education. This number seemed to appeal greatly to the grown-ups present. When this group finished they left behind quite a few apparently injured. Followed the First Aid Squad, rushing on the field to give an exhibition in practical First Aid under the direction of the Camp Nurse.

Then came the "Emu," the crowd adjourning to the pit where a 100-pound Pig had been roasting since nine in the morning. Near the pit, (built like an extra large bean hole), tables had been arranged cafeteria fashion, and the pig was dug up and unwound from its wrappings and placed on the first table, where the colored Camp cooks presided, wearing white aprons and caps. Here the pig was carved and served with the potatoes and baked apples (which had cooked alongside of him), bread and butter, brick ice-cream and cake. After the girls had all been served what remained was sold to the Scout parents and other visitors as long as it lasted—which wasn't long!

As the sun began to set the girls assembled for Colors, after which the Buckeyes held a charming tree planting ceremony combined with "The Spirit of Scouting".

Buffalo and Erie County Hold First Camp Reunion

Good times in camp in Allegany State Park were lived over again by more than 200 Girl Scouts yesterday afternoon in the Trinity Parish House, where the first camp re-union of the Girl Scouts of Buffalo and Erie County was held. The reunion was for the scouts who were in camp last summer, and nearly every one of the campers was on hand to renew old acquaintance and join in the singing of the camp songs and the giving of the camp cheers.

The reunion began with a luncheon prepared by the camp cook, Mrs. Mary Allenbrand, who later came in for a special cheer by her young friends and also a big round of applause when her picture was shown on the screen along with a lot of scenes at and near the summer camp on Stony Creek.

These lantern slides of camp showed all sorts of out-door activities such as hiking, swimming, map making, overnight hikes, flag raising, camp fire and a picture of the "Stonecrusher", as the bus which carried the scouts to and from the nearest railroad point, was nicknamed by them.

One of the pictures showed the original camp cast of "Alice in Wonderland", which the Girl Scouts gave in an open air play last summer. The play was given again yesterday afternoon, with most of the original characters taking their old parts.

During the afternoon Miss Alice A. Crouch, local director of the Girl Scouts, announced that pledges would be received from troops toward the building of a recreation building and fireplace at camp. The sum of \$450 was quickly pledged and more is to come in from troops not yet heard from.

—*Buffalo Courier*

Elmira, N. Y.

The Girl Scouts of Elmira ran a Baby Comfort Station at the Chemung County Fair which was a great success, we had a large tent near the Women's Building furnished with two beds, table, small chairs and toys. Tired mothers came in to rest and feed their

HOME NEWS

babies, old ladies wished to get out of the hot sun and a number of women left their babies for an hour or two while they visited the exhibits. We only opened our tent in the afternoons, but there seemed to be such a demand that we fear we will have to run our business all day next year. G. R., *Director*.

Eveleth, Minn.

Eveleth is a town of winter sports, skating being the principal pastime from November to March. Hence, the announcement that there would be a Girl Scout Ice Carnival on the last Saturday in January was greeted with enthusiasm by the five Eveleth Troops, and immediate plans were made for practice for the races and for the stunts to follow the latter. Friday, January 26th, was a beautiful day, sunny and still, and everyone looked for ideal weather for the Carnival the next day. But the weather man felt slightly contrary, and Saturday morning dawned cloudy and windy. Before long snow began to fall, which was inconsiderate, inasmuch as the Carnival was to be held outside on one of the municipal rinks. However, it stopped snowing at noon, allowing time for the ice, which was in lovely condition underneath, to be cleaned before 2 o'clock, when the races began.

Each troop had its own race track marked by its own colored flags at each end. The racers skated around these flags twice or four times, according to the length of the race. Besides straight dashes, backwards races, relays and double races, there were various stunt races, including a peanut race (pushing a peanut before you with a short stick) and a potato race.

The races were thrilling and the troops evenly matched, as was shown in the results—Troops 1 and 3 tying for the first place with 32 points, and Troop 5 coming in third with 27 points.

The Leonidas Scout Troop sold hot-dog sandwiches which the cold weather made sell well and taste better. The Scouts cleared about five dollars as a start toward their uniform fund.

There were no prizes given to the winners, but points were awarded which counted toward each troop's total in the inter-troop contest which is now going on. Points in this contest are awarded under such heads as attendance, membership, inspection, test work, schoarship, and service. The winning troop will receive a Troop flag at a Rally and Badge Day which will be held during the first or second week of April. Troop 5 is now ahead.



A Bulletin Board built by the Scouts of Columbus, Ohio.

Camp Low, Mass.

Special emphasis will be placed in the program of the summer on water sport, hiking, over-night trips, and camp craft. A mountain trip to Mt. Monadnock during each period of the summer will be arranged for all those who qualify. We want each Scout to go home from camp with a far deeper knowledge and love of the great outdoors. And for that reason we earnestly hope the Scouts will come to camp wanting to do the out-door work. It does not seem right that Scouts in camp for only three weeks should spend their time getting the home-maker badge or the seamstress' badge or some other "inside" badge! Let us push the slogan of "keeping the outing in scouting," particularly in the summer time!

H. L. F.,
Camp Director.



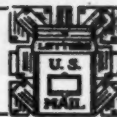
Roasting a pig at Camp Proctor.

Detroit, Mich.

All Detroit Girl Scouts are going to be eligible for a Craftsman's Badge by the end of the present Scout year. Representatives from each Scout troop (an officer or an older girl) meet at Headquarters every Friday afternoon and receive instruction in craft work. A different phase will be developed each month; for instance, October, Basketry; November, Decoration; December, Stencilling; January, Tie-Dyeing; February, Block Printing; March, Crochet, Cross Stitch-Darning; April, Appliqué; May, Pottery and China Painting; June, Posters.



SCOUTING NEWS FROM ABROAD



Calcutta, India

Excerpts from letters received by Scout Ida Jacoff:

Lately we have been very busy for our annual Fête, which will be held at an Armenian gentleman's beautiful residence, known as Gaultan Park, and named after the owner. The Fête will consist of "Cocoanut Shies," "Hoop-Las," "Aunt Sally," "Gypsy Fortune Tellers" (I am one of them), "Doll Stalls," "Sweets and Needlework Stalls," etc. From 6 to 8 dancing!

What do you think? My company is going to form "Guard of Honor" for the Countess of Lytton, and another day for a Maharani; i. e., a native Indian queen. I say "my" because, although I have only been with them a little over a month, I am acting Captain now, and I am so proud of them. They are the only school company in Calcutta who have First Class Guides.

A snowstorm! How I would love to witness one, for we never

see snow here except, of course, in the hill stations. But in Calcutta now, why the climate is simply glorious—even English people say so. I know I wouldn't like the foggy England, however nice it would be in other respects.

I have heard about your autos; they must be dreadful, for we hear of a number of accidents.

Calcutta has been more gay than ever of late. What with circuses, cinemas, theatres, our pantomime, and Pavlowa to crown all!

Our Fête was a success, for we made Rs 3,000 and over. It was great fun getting down to it. You see, for the Free School the principal got two huge buses—the special kind of bus we call a "Cage," for during the riots they are used to convey prisoners to the prisons. They are enclosed on all sides with wire netting. The other Lieutenant and myself laughed our sides out, and the girls thought it great fun. As we were tearing down the road

the natives stopped and stared at us—how many of them, perhaps, had been in it themselves! We had quite a pleasant evening and had the Governor's Band attending.

The natives are so bold now that one has to be careful or you'll be insulted. Over a week no trains have been running, owing to a strike, and not a train is out in the whole city except six or eight buses, which do not meet half the needs of the people. The company is losing thousands a day, and all because a driver was sacked!

Some time back we had tracking around the boundaries of the Old Fort William, which some of the girls found rather dull, but some of us thought it most thrilling and interesting—for there were some gruesome stories connected with the place. Our present fort is built in the shape of a star and is a little town in its own.

ANOOSH HYRAPIET.

Ten Days in the San Jacinto Mountains

Strawberry Creek runs through "Camp Emerson," near Idylwild, a mountain resort in the San Jacinto Mountains and furnishes clear cold water for all purposes except swimming. A permanent kitchen with a large army grill for cooking, tables and benches out under the trees, made our cooking a very pleasant part of camp life. We were in the wilds, as we were one-quarter mile from the main road, twenty miles from Hemet, and one mile from an inn and stores. We changed altitudes, going from 1,600 to 5,500 feet up a 23 per cent grade.

Without a Council, I had to make arrangements alone. Through the Chamber of Commerce of Hemet I secured transportation for the girls and myself on the Cregar Stage Line, Mr. Cregar running a special stage and driving us up himself. The Chamber of Commerce also provided a driver for my car, it being a very necessary "article" at the camp. Two Scout fathers went up with us. A truck was necessary for the rest of the equipment, tents, baggage and provisions. This was our only expense, the equipment being furnished by local people. Fresh provisions were brought up

all during the period without any charges. The truck arrived too late to put the tents up for the first night—so we slept in the open—a very disturbing night. The pack burros owned by the inn people were turned loose in the camp enclosure and made a disastrous raid on the kitchen. Girl Scout rations must have been pretty good, for on the third night, instead of six burros, there were twenty. Only Western people can appreciate the joys (?) of guarding food against these determined little beasts.

Only three of the girls had ever camped before, so I made out a regular routine. By getting up at 5

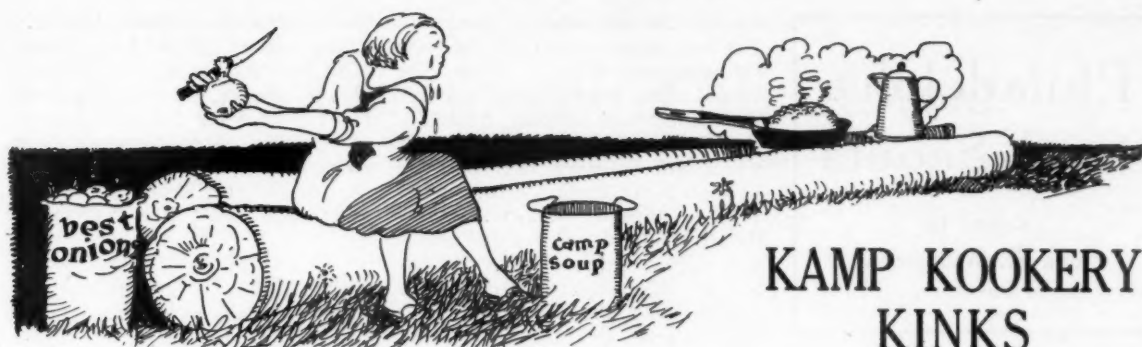
myself, starting the fire, rousing the cooks and making out the daily program, it was easy for the rest to follow with their work.

On the third day we had the experience of having a very bad thunder storm with wind and rain, lightning and hail. The lightning set fire to trees and brush in one of the canons, between us and the valley, and for several days of the ten, a terrible forest fire raged below us. The control-man and the rangers kept us notified of the conditions; on the least possible chance of danger, we would have broken camp.

(Continued on page 34)

Horseback riding at Camp Emerson, California.





KAMP KOOKERY KINKS

SPUDS WITH DEERFOOT SAUSAGE

Take a nice large Idaho spud, core it with an apple corer or knife, saving the piece of potato cut out. Insert in the hole through the potato a piece of sausage. (Deerfoot sausage preferred.) Take the piece of potato which was cut out of the center and make "stoppers" for the holes in the potato with the sausage inclosed in the center of the potato. Grease the potato with bacon grease or lard and bake 45 minutes in a reflector oven, or wrap in wet clay or mud one-quarter to one-half inch thick and bake in the hot coals.

If one uses a hunter's fire with the logs raised up on stones, one at each end, it is possible to bake a potato as successfully as if it were in a reflector oven by putting the potato underneath the log and turning frequently. This same stunt is good for baking apples.

BAKED BANANAS.

One frequently wants a tasty camp dessert.

Take a long banana. Pull back about one-fourth of the skin, but do not remove or loosen the rest of the peeling. Scoop out two teaspoonfuls of the fruit in the center of the banana, insert two marshmallows and possibly a raisin or two. Drop the skin back in place, wrap with white cord and tie tightly. Dip in water so as to wet the cord and prevent burning. Lay banana in ashes on edge of the fire and let it stay there until it turns black outside. This will take two or three minutes. Take from fire, lift the loose peeling, and eat a dessert fit for the gods! (Use a spoon!)

BAKED APPLES ON A STICK.

Wash your apple and core it beyond the seedy part, but not clear through the apple. Stuff apple with a marshmallow, a raisin or two, perhaps a nut and a little brown sugar; stick apple on a forked stick. Thrust end of stick into ground,

sloping so that apple receives heat from the coals. Turn stick around when apple is baked on one side. If you do not have a stick handy, put a stone close to the fire and set apple on top of stone.

STEAK ON A STONE.

Build a hunter's fire with the logs closer together at one end than at the other. Place a large flat rock across the logs to get hot. Put suet on the rock to melt. The amount of steak you can cook at one time depends on the size of your rock. When the rock is heated through and pretty well greased, put on a piece of steak. Turn when brown on one side. Salt and pepper before serving.

A "No-Utensil" Hike — Carrying No Utensils for Cooking

Have you ever baked onions or eggs?

Set your onions on a hot stone in the coals near enough to the fire for the reflected heat to bake them.

To bake an egg, chip off a wee bit of shell at the larger end—a piece a little larger than a pinhead—*without puncturing the membrane inside*. (This end rests in the hot ashes, and the law of gravity will ruin your egg if you break the membrane!). At the top of the egg both shell and membrane are punctured, making an opening about the size of two pinheads for the escape of steam. An egg will bake in about five minutes.

Baked potatoes, ham or steak, on a stone; baked bananas or baked apples will fill out and finish off your "no-utensil" menu.

ORANGE FLOAT.

Boil together for ten minutes:

Juice and pulp of 2 oranges.

Grated rind of 1 lemon.

1 cup sugar (preferably brown).

1 quart water.

Strain and thicken with cornstarch dissolved in a little cold wa-

ter and let boil five minutes longer, stirring constantly.

Slice four or five oranges into a bowl, sweeten to taste and pour in the custard (after it has cooled). If there are any whites of egg on hand, these beaten, sweetened and flavored with vanilla or orange peel, will add to the attractiveness of the dish.

This is very good and the amount given above will serve five or six persons.

GIRL SCOUT COOKIE RECIPE.

1 cup of butter.

1 cup of sugar.

2 tablespoonfuls of milk.

2 eggs.

1 teaspoonful of vanilla (or 2 teaspoonfuls of nutmeg).

2 cups of flour.

2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

Cream butter and sugar, add well-beaten eggs, then milk, flavoring, flour and baking powder. Roll thin, sprinkle sugar on top, and bake in quick oven. (Recommended by Chicago, Minneapolis and Hartford, which places have had troops make them to sell.)

Flapjack Contest

Harrisburg cooks received this challenge recently:

Bring the following articles required and anything else you'll need for the Flapjack Contest at the Girl Scout Rally. Bring ingredients for not more than two or three cakes, Sterno outfit, small frying pan, mixing bowl, spoon, pancake turner, fork or egg beater, flour (not prepared), baking powder, salt, an egg, milk, either butter or lard.

The Scout not having necessary equipment will be disqualified. Practice on small quantities and come prepared to make excellent flapjacks. Neatness will be one of the points of contest.

NORMA BARKER,
Harrisburg, Pa.

Philadelphia Girl Scouts

Edited by
Julia W. Williamson
Director

Scout Party

FEBRUARY 12TH.—The leaders' Association had a party at the home of the Commissioner, Miss Ellen Mary Cassatt, with about 130 attending. A buffet supper was followed by progressive games, including everything from modeling appropriate works of art in clay, through Limerick writing and picking black beans from a bowl of mixed white and black. Thumbs seemed to be the prevailing fingers in most of the games requiring a mixture of nimble ones, but everyone had a wonderfully hilarious time.

FEBRUARY 19TH.—Five troops of District No. 1 staged a Rally and demonstration at the Settlement Music School for the benefit of the new council members of the district. A formal opening was followed by demonstrations in bandaging, baby washing and signalling and, to end up, games and cookies were enjoyed by the Scouts, while the grown-ups had tea.

MARCH 10TH AND 12TH.—"This and That"—a vaudeville performance—was given by an amateur dramatic society, for the benefit of the Camp Building Fund. The attendance was splendid and the proceeds enabled us to reduce our debt considerably. Fortunately, our attempts for raising money for this debt have always been very sympathetically received, and we hope by next year it will be diminished considerably—if not entirely.

Two of the large Radio Broadcasting Stations in Philadelphia have shown considerable interest in Scouting this winter, and recently a Radio Corps was formed for all Girl Scouts who received messages from WFI. An effort is being made to discover what Scout is the greatest distance away, and, in addition, a literary contest is being conducted. The subject is broadcasted each month, and compositions are received from Scouts who

receive the information by radio. The first subject was, "My Favorite Heroine, and Why I Think She Would Have Made a Good Scout;" the second was, "What Should a Girl Scout Be?" and subsequent topics will be given later on. In addition to the Radio Corps, Station WFI is going to conduct a weekly Radio Class for officers and members of the Patrol Leaders' Class who are interested. The class is in conjunction with the Training Courses given at Headquarters, and should be most educational and interesting.

BROWNIE POWWOW.

The First Brownie Powwow in Philadelphia was held Tuesday, March 6th, in Lantern Lane. The dear little house was an ideal meeting place for City Brownies—it was so attractive that it was not necessary to "magic" it for the occasion. Sixteen "grown-ups" stumbled and slid over the slippery streets, through a miniature blizzard, following the trail of the other wee folk, and finally landed—snow-covered—at number 14. Each, upon arrival, was hustled to the cellar to deposit rubbers, coats and other apparel worn by humans.

The Conference was conducted by Miss Julia Williamson, Director of Philadelphia. Mrs. Carrol B. Nichols, an enthusiastic Brown Owl from Bryn Mawr, Pa., gave a résumé of the Washington Conference, which was followed by open discussion and questions. Miss Edwina Ginder, who had the first Brownie Pack in Philadelphia, led the discussion on tests, ceremonies and the value of Brownie ideals to girls under the Scout age. While three Brown Owls prepared the luncheon, the others played games, strenuous and otherwise, in the cellar. After luncheon, more discussion followed, special stress being laid upon the tests. Uniforms were discussed and it was suggested that it would be quite helpful to have a sample suit in the Philadelphia office. Stories for the wee folk were taken up by Miss Williamson and each Brownie was given a list of good stories which would be found helpful. The Brownies then washed the dishes, "straightened up" the house and vanished through the little iron gates which separate Lantern Lane from the rest of the world.

The following attended the Conference: Mrs. James C. Newlin,

Mrs. Carrol B. Nichols, Miss Edwina Ginder, Miss Anna Faber, Miss Dorothy Kuder, Miss Nichols, Mrs. Walter C. Janney, Mrs. James H. Egan, Miss Endora Feaster, Miss Dilks, Mrs. Jeppson, Miss Helen Ferris, Miss Elizabeth Bettle, Miss Anne Kean, Miss Viola MacGowan, Miss Julia Williamson.

SINGING.

Philadelphia is out to make a name for itself as a Singing City, for its Scouts are going to rival the Bugle and Drum Corps of Massachusetts! A volunteer singing teacher has been engaged to conduct singing in each of the eight districts, and work will start immediately to form choruses. At the Court of Awards on May 12th, these choruses are to present a program of ballads, rounds, patriotic pieces and Scout songs. There will be a small competition, as each chorus is to sing a round and a ballad, the competitors to be judged on diction, tone, quality and interpretation. If possible, we are going to slay "The Old Maid's Bungalow" and "Oleomargarine" for all time!

The layout for a small camp shown on page 22 is intended to suggest the following points to campers:

Two adult leaders *always* in every Girl Scout Camp; the girls in tents by themselves, held responsible for the good management of their tents and themselves; location of tents in relation to the prevailing wind; avoidance of overcrowding tents; a provision for flag ceremonies; a camp fire circle; cooking quarters in relation to the cache; provision for keeping food, dining place, and drain for waste water; cooking quarters, cache, and table away from sleeping quarters, in the shade if not under canopy or other roof; latrine and wash house at a distance from cooking quarters though not impractically far away from sleeping quarters.

Note the suggestion in the upper corner for putting up tents with wooden floors raised from the ground at least 8 inches. Also note in the lower corner the rustic stool and the bench, sometimes called a "cow," made from logs.

It is desirable for a small camp to have available some sort of permanent building with a fireplace in it for recreational use in case of wet weather.

-:- The Ceremony of the Laws -:-

There is a camp I know where, posted here and there on little cards is a notice which reads: "The Girl Scout Laws Are the Laws of This Camp." Nothing more is said of discipline, and rarely is anything more needed. The working power of the ten short sentences is great. They become indelibly fixed in memory through daily repetition at Colors, but they become something more when presented in a new, inspiring way. This is the "why" of the ceremony of the Scout Laws—a bit of pageantry worthy of any Council Fire.

The curtain of a warm summer night, deep black or star dotted, rises on a camp fire by which a Scout in uniform is kneeling and around which, in a large outer circle, the spectators are seated. The music of the woodland accompaniment is low and irregular; the low whistle of the whip-poor-will tuning in with the deep tones of the frog's bass viol; the raspy twang of the katydid's guitar intermingling with the monotone of the cricket.

From the depths of a grove or a clump of bushes (the dressing room) walks slowly a spirit, clad in flowing white and bearing aloft a lighted torch.

"Who are you?" asks the kneeling Scout, "who come out of the darkness bearing a great light?" And the spirit answers: "I am the Spirit of the Scout Laws and will show you the substance of my light."

"Oh, Spirit of the Scout Laws, say on."

Then enters the First Law (dressed in Scout uniform) bearing an unlighted torch. She falls on one knee before the spirit, and from the lighted torch in the spirit's hand lights her own, saying in a clear, frank voice: "I am Honor, and I come that all men may see the Truth."

All three say the First Law as "Honor" circles the fire, bearing her torch high over her head, and takes a position to the right of the spirit in an inner ring. Laws Two, Three, Four and Five enter one at a time in like manner and explain their precepts. Then Six, Seven, Eight, Nine and Ten. Each time, the law

is repeated as the interpreter of that law passes to her place, and in so far as possible, in the carriage of her body and the tones of her voice, she emphasizes cheer, courtesy, or whatever the law may be. With the tenth speaker the semicircle is completed. Eleven burning torches throw into contrast a white-clad figure surrounded by ten khaki ones. Then a song is sung—a song of the out-of-doors, or some other phase of Scouting, or the camp fire or night, standing in place at the repetition or humming of which the spirit leads off "stage" and the rest follow.

DIALOG USED IN CEREMONY OF THE SCOUT LAWS.

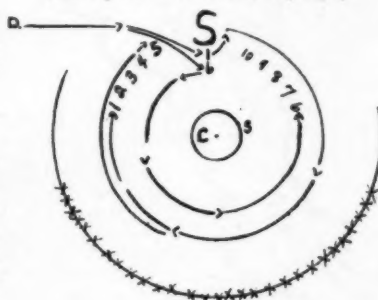
(Setting: Camp Fire One Scout kneeling beside the fire. Enter "Spirit of the Laws" bearing a lighted torch.)

Scout—Who are you who come out of the darkness bearing a great light?

Spirit of the Laws—I am the Spirit of the Scout Laws and will show you the substance of my light.

Scout—Oh, Spirit of the Scout Laws, say on.

(Enter First Law bearing an unlighted torch. Falls on one knee and lights her torch, saying:)



KEY.

D = Dressing room.

X = Spectators.

C = Fire.

s = Kneeling Scout.

S = Spirit of Scout Laws.

1-5 = Circle to left—stand at S's right.

6-10 = Circle to right—stand at S's left.

First Law—I am Honor, and I come that all men may see the truth.

(All say the first law as First Law circles the fire and takes up position behind the Spirit of the Scout Laws.)

Second Law—I am Loyalty, and I come to show our faithfulness.

(All three say the second law, etc.)

Third Law—I am Usefulness. In time of need I am ready, and I come to show the joy of service.

(All four say the third law, etc.)

Fourth Law—I am Friendliness. I come that men may know the joy of comradeship.

Fifth Law—I am Courtesy. I come to show the days of chivalry are not dead; that true courtesy is to put yourself in the place of others.

Sixth Law—I am Kindness. The birds and the beasts are my friends.

Seventh Law—I am Obedience. Only he who obeys can ever learn to rule.

Eighth Law—I am Cheerfulness. I come that men may know there is joy in all things.

Ninth Law—I am Thrift. I save that I may have the more to give.

Tenth Law—I am Cleanliness. To all men God gave a soul; let it return to him pure and undefiled as He gave it.

(Spirit of the Laws, after the singing of some appropriate song, leads out, followed by the Laws. They repeat the song or hum it as they go.)

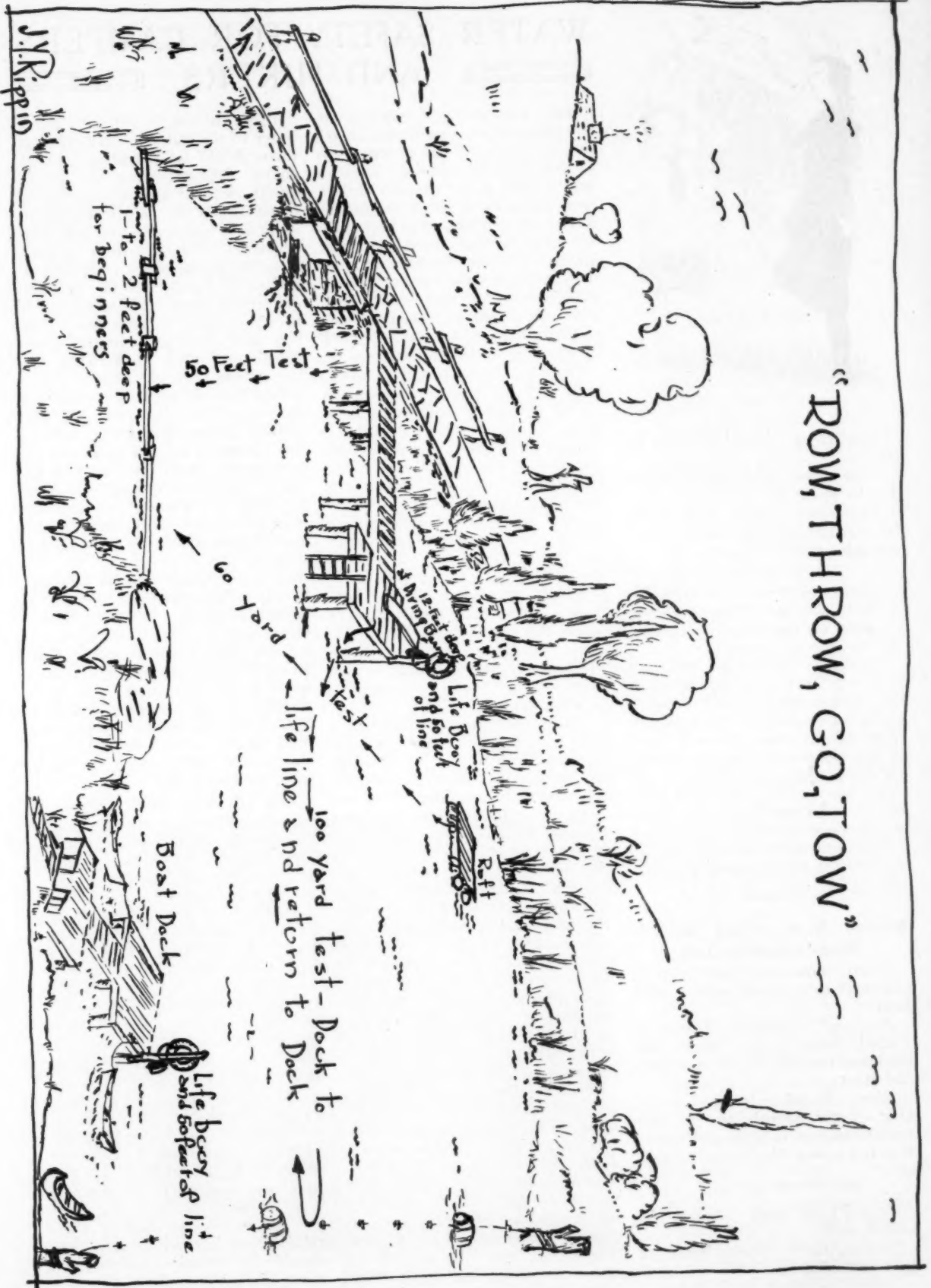
HOW TO MAKE TORCHES.

1. 22-in. sticks $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 in. in diameter; split from top four or five inches; cover cotton waste wick with 18 in. wire netting; V-shape wire netting at bottom; insert in slit; soak one-half hour in kerosene.

2. Make them as trench candles were made during the war, by wrapping newspapers into a tight roll 1 to $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. in diameter, tying together with string and boiling for twenty minutes in paraffin. Mount on broomstick handles.

PHILOMENE F. AMBROSE.

"ROW, THROW, GO, TOW"





SCOUTLETS

Tenderfoot: "Hey! Wot you doing?"

First Class: "Sh! Chick a dee dee dee dee dee."

Tenderfoot: "Huh! Peek a boo boo boo boo nuthin! Can't you talk sense?"

A little Girl Scout was taking her Second Class test. When asked the question of how to prevent fires, this is what she wrote:

"In order to prevent fire you must not leave matches around so that children can play with them. A girl scout can help by this way. In case two girl scouts are in a forest or any places and you are cooking, the fire catches on to the other girl scout, take a wrap or coat and wrap her around it, and gets some water and throw it on her.

"Another way to prevent fire is: don't throw a *light* match into rubbish."

Strange News About Animals Found in a Scout Test

Otter: Found in North America—a small stout animal with a small head.

Raccoon: Found in all parts of United States—note black face mark and the ringed tail—it is short and stout.

Lion: Found in India—It is the king of the animals and is very treacherous; it is large and furry; it is not a very nice animal to look at.

Second Class Scout—Do you like codfish balls?

Tenderfoot—I don't konw, I never attended one.

—*Mass. Trail Maker.*

WATER SAFETY FOR CAMPER AND HIKERS

The life saving committee of any troop or council should see that every Scout has a chance to swim winter and summer. Even an hour a week in the winter will do a tremendous lot to follow out the interest started in camp and to prepare for next season's camp. If there are no swimming facilities in town the committee should try to develop them. In camp they should look after the swimming facilities and train a group of life savers, to assist in guarding the swimming periods.

On hike camps the expert swimmers and life savers of the troop should be posted before swimming begins. The water should be sounded and stakes placed to mark the edge of the shallow water. In a permanent camp stakes and floats and ropes should enclose the "sink-easies" pool. The stake should plainly mark off the fifty feet for the beginners' test, the 60 feet for the life-saving test and 100 yards, which is the swimmers' test distance. These goals should be kept before the swimmers and with 100 yards marked off accurately, there will be no trouble in a quarter mile swim with practically no danger to the contestants.

I hope the time will come when every troop will own their small life buoy and line so that every scout can practice throwing it, as part of the elementary training. This can be carried in the shoulder sacks and taken on hikes and be part of the wall decorations for the troop headquarters. A non-swimmer can throw a life buoy and a poor swimmer could carry it out to a person in distress, as long as the end of the rope remained on shore. A 15 inch buoy would serve perfectly well as the buoy merely carries the rope out to the persons in distress, and does not need to be buoyant enough to hold them up. As long as the rope is tight the person in the water is held up.

It is not always good judgment for a life saver to plunge in to the rescue without thinking about coming back. Use a boat if there is one—Row. If there is no boat,—Throw—a life buoy—if there is no life buoy—Go yourself and—Tow the person in. So that is the progression in life saving, —, Row, Throw, Go, Tow. In training life savers for camp, head work should be emphasized as a prerequisite.

From the beach thru the shallow water to the water of diving depth, there should be a landing dock to enable the swimmers to get in quickly without wading over stones or shells and this can be utilized in swimming instruction and guarding beginners. An easy form of construction is the plan of building is tresses or horses like the familiar carpenter's horse. To keep them in place a grating is built inside the legs and upon this grating large stones are piled which keep the horse from floating away. These horses have to be built to suit the incline of the beach and portable sections of flooring can be laid on this because it may be necessary to take up the whole thing by Fall or the ice will carry it away. It may be built of sufficient lightness so that groups of scouts can handle each section and store it at the end of camp.

If it is possible to build this out to water deep enough for diving so much the better. If not, a diving tower may be built by driving poles into the mud; or a float built on 8 or 10 barrels which is anchored in water 8 to 10 feet deep,—generally, directly off the end of the wharf. This is helpful in conducting swimming meets as the contestants can start at the boat landing and finish up at the diving float.

One life saver on the float is a valuable aid in promoting safety and his job would be to see that each diver came up after each dive. Between the float and shore, if it is a long way out, or just outside the float marking the extreme outer limits for swimming, would be stationed the life boat. This should have an oarsman and a life saver who is ready to dive in. It is well not to cumber the life boats up with too many people, especially non-swimmers. Room should always be left to take in tired swimmers in case of emergency.

The life buoy—the seventeen inch solid cork ring buoy, which is procurable from the supply department of the American Red Cross in Washington for \$5.50, is good to have and one of these might be hung on pegs on the diving tower and one on the boat landing, and a third carried in the life boat. There should be practice in throwing these, aiming beyond the person in

(Continued on page 36)

Minnesota's Forestry Instruction in Campcraft

(An idea possible in some other localities.)

Fortune favored us in the offer of a camp site near Ely, in the mining country, near the Superior National Forest. The town of Ely, whose Rotary Club had kindly loaned us their Girl Scout equipment, is the headquarters of Mr. Calvin Dahlgren, National Forest Supervisor. In May, 1922, the earliest date when the lakes were free from ice, and the camp was visited, Mr. Dahlgren promised to help us with instruction, details being arranged by Mr. Wm. Barker, Forest Assistant.

Instruction was limited to Map Making, Trailing, Use of the Axe, Tent-Pitching, Use of the Compass, Tree Identification, Camp Fire Woods (fuel values), and Canoeing. All this was promised "subject to change," as one of the forest fires so common in late summer and fall might call away any instructor at any time. Two days before camp opened, Mrs. Juhre and I, going up ahead, were met at Duluth by forest fire headlines in the newspapers and the smell of smoke. A day later Miss Sampson, taking up a Ford full of campers, was turned back, but finally arrived at camp, after detours, to find that part of the woods untroubled by fires or possibilities of them. Nor were our instructors called away later, though we had one day of smoke in the air and on our minds, from fires far

south of us. Extra work did cut short our Map Making and cut out Mr. Barker's talk on Fuel Values, but the staff carried on wherever they could. On the whole, the Forestry Service was better than its word. Beginning on the third day of camp, after we were settled and patrol-wise, and ending before the canoe trips of the last days, we had eight mornings of instruction, the instructor arriving about ten o'clock, after Court of Honor and Assembly, and leaving at twelve-thirty. Two rangers from the State Forestry Station nearby, Mr. Wahlsten and Mr. Linde, also gave their services, teaching us the Use of the Axe and Tent Pitching. In the afternoon, Mr. Kearney arrived immediately after Rest Hour, and the next hour and a half we divided between Swimming and Canoeing, the latter in charge of Mr. Kearney. As a good deal of camp transportation for food and mail was by water, we had no dock, and the only craft were the long, light canoes from the Forestry offices, it was necessary for campers to know how to handle a canoe—not only, as most of us had done, on the lakes farther south, and on rivers, but as it is done "up North" and on the large and rather squally lake where we were established. Mr. Kearney also taught how to patch, to pack for a trip, and to portage.

All the instruction was characterized by great thoroughness, a desire to help us out, for the general good, and a respect for the aims, if not the claims, of Scouting. Of course,

(Continued on page 38)



Happy Easter!

Green things are growing,
Golden's the sun,
Flowers are upspringing,
Spring has begun.

Cotton-tail lovers
In gay clothes appear;
April is heralded,
Easter is here!

P. A.

The Flicker in the Dell

There's a flicker in the dell,
Tap, tap, tap; tap, tap, tap;
Where he is I cannot tell,
Tap, tap, tap; tap, tap, tap;

Is it then his love note sweet
To his mate? Tap, tap;
No, it's just his dinner bell—
Tap, tap, tap—high 'ole.

CLARKE G. DAILEY,
Woodcraft League

"Be Prepared"

Five little Girl Scouts,
Ready as before;
One flunked her "Scribe test,"
Then there were four.

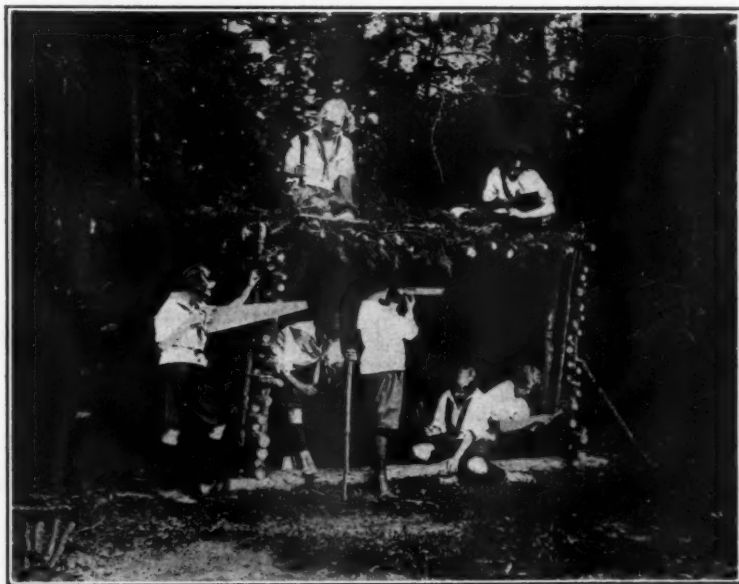
Four little Girl Scouts,
Shaking in the knee;
One did not pass at all,
Then there were three.

Three little Girl Scouts,
Feeling very blue;
"Scout, you were not prepared,"
That left two.

Two little Girl Scouts,
Feeling pretty glum;
"You passed a little bit,"
Then there was one.

One little Girl Scout,
Quaking like the rest;
"Honey, you've done splendidly,
You passed all your test."

By SCOUT MARTHA KEYS,
Troop No. 6, Atlanta, Ga.



Building a lean-to at Camp Juliette Low, Ga.

JOYCE, GERRY AND NICKO

(Continued from page 8.)

"Nicko's nuggets nearly carried Nicko

Into quite a quandary, queer, and quicko.

'Never nuggets need I more,' cried Nix,

'For the foolish fortune found me in a fix.'

"Stop that idiotic rot," interrupted Nicko himself, "and light the fire. I want to give you a chance. Be useful, if you can't be ornamental—"

But Nicko had to flee from vengeance before finishing his sentence.

CHAPTER X.

Dilman's Shack.

HERE we are, right side up with care," said Nicko gaily.

Everyone knew it was up to them to be gay at present, for anything more depressing than Dilman's shack would have been hard to discover!

The shack itself was a dilapidated wooden building with a shed adjoining. Around lay what, many generations ago, had been a large burying ground—now the most forlorn spot under the skies.

To the right was a high ridge running deep into the forest. The tale was told of how this place had been the scene of a terrible ambush when the Algonquins, hiding behind the ridge, had surprised and massacred a large party of Ojibways, against whom they had taken the warpath.

This was before Rolf Dilman, a pioneer Scotchman, had come to Temagami, and, regardless of legendary tales of ghosts and ill omen, had built his shack, living here more hermit than prospector, content to make comrades of birds, beasts and many denizens of the wild.

A strange man, living a lone life, dying maybe a lone death, yet content that it should be so.

"It looks ghost-haunted, doesn't it?" said Gerry. "I always used to laugh at tales of ghosties sitting on posties and eating bread and toasties, but I don't think I want to laugh now. I'll get over my squiggles when it's broad daylight—not before."

"Did you and your father explore the shack, lad?" asked Alford of Nicko, as they crossed the desolate "burying ground" together.

Nicko shook his head.

"We always meant to, but we

never did. Dad thought Darroll's Boys might have located it, so we decided to give it a wide berth. It doesn't look as if anyone had been near for generations."

"There's furniture inside," announced Gerry, poking her inquisitive head in through the unglazed window. "It all looks awfully dirty, and part of the wooden partition has been broken down. Oh!"

She sprang back as something launched itself out through the doorway and scampered across the waste.

"Ware fox!" sang out Nicko. "Let me go first. It might be a wolf next time."

Gerry was quite ready to give precedence.

"It's a great pity, dad," she said plaintively, "that you didn't give me a gun when we came on adventures. I'd have shot that fox!"

The first discovery made in the shack was that of Mrs. Vixen and her cubs, comfortably established in the remains of a lounge chair.

The cubs were so sweet that Gerry wanted one as a pet, and she utterly refused to allow her father to destroy them.

"They'll have to find new quarters, then," replied the Professor, "or I shall 'bed out'."

Gerry was delighted when the vixen herself solved the difficulty of eviction by taking her babies in her mouth and disappearing with them into the gathering twilight.

A most thorough search through the two rooms of the shack brought to light half a dozen books—amongst them a Bible—a blackened pipe, rust-eaten cooking utensils and the rotting remains of a camp bed, etc.

"I wonder," said Joyce, "what happened to Dilman?" Tears of sympathy for the "lone hand" who had lived and died here came to her eyes, whilst the question was most unexpectedly answered next morning by Nicko, who came in to breakfast with quite an unusually grave face.

"Seen any Indians?" asked Gerry eagerly. "You look as if you had! Or a ghost?"

"The ghost is more like it," said Nicko. "I went to locate a stream and found—Rolf Dilman."

"Rolf Dilman?" echoed his listeners, whilst Alford added, "Why, boy, he's been dead these thirty years."

"Should say so," retorted Nicko. "It was his skeleton, though. I

buried him by the river side and brought this in," and he laid a small metal box, not unlike a cigarette case, on the table.

"Inside, there's a piece of paper," jerked out Nicko. "The poor chap wrote on it when he was dying. It was he, after all, who located the gold Red Axe told us about."

"Read it aloud, dad," implored Joyce, and the Professor, opening the tiny case, unrolled the yellow-hued piece of paper, which must have been torn out of the frontispiece of an old book.

"It is over now," the Professor read, "and I am going out to learn the only secret worth unravelling. Life in these wilds has been a romance for one who has little reason to love his fellow men. There is more gratitude amongst birds and beasts than in the sons of men. Yet, how the old glamor clings. When I located the nuggets down there in the little creek running up from the river towards the birch grove, I dreamt of the gold of the old home on the moors for three nights. But it is too late now. I am a dying man, hungry for the sight of the old home—hungrier for a glimpse of the old faces I shall meet beyond. The Indians—"

THAT'S all," said Alford gravely. "There is a long pencil mark, then strength failed and Rolf Dilman went home."

Joyce gulped, whilst Gerry openly wiped her eyes.

"It makes me fair long to see Sunnymede again," confessed the latter. "Won't we hug old Dinah! Now, let's clear up and go right down to Rising Moon Creek. It's Tom Tiddler's Ground, eh, Nicko? We'll race each other picking up gold and silver!"

"About time we made a start," agreed Nicko, "but since we're not likely to locate much dinner at the Creek, we may as well do our best with breakfast."

The girls had managed to provide quite a good meal, and Joyce had told Gerry not to say anything about the shortage of future supplies.

"Nicko has a sort of dandy store," she added, "somewhere by the creek. We can ask him to bring some things up if we want them, but I hope we shall go right back through the forest."

Gerry nodded. There was no need for either of them to say that they did not like Dilman's shack!

(Continued on page 42).



THE PRACTICAL SCOUT INDOORS AND OUT

Edited by Eliza Morgan Swift

Commissioner of Colorado Springs



Summer Camp Money

In the spring a young Scout's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of camp, doesn't it? But not too lightly! Because the self-respecting Scout begins to figure whether she is going to let her family send her to camp this year, or take herself. And she probably has a little list, like the man in the song, not of people that never will be missed, but of scout-things gleaned from the back pages of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* and from her memories of last year, that she almost can't get along without this summer. So spring is the time when it behooves troops not only to hoard their pennies, but to earn some more.

Did you ever hear of a Junk Sale? I lived in a little town during the war that turned out every spring and created a European market—a fair under the trees where you could buy enough food and pets and flowers and garden things and jams and jellies and pony rides and fortunes and dances and junk to last you a year. And the booth that always made the most money was the junk booth! And a Scout troop is the ideal group to make a success of such an enterprise. (You can call it an Antique Sale if you like that better—they truly are antiques!)

The canny time to collect your junk is right now. You can tell when your own mother begins to clean her house, and the piles for the attic and the junkman begin to grow. It is a good plan to borrow a barn with sun and space around it, to store your collections in. And if you spend a few Saturdays and some intelligence and imagination on renovating the antiques, you may almost expect to be able to sell them back to the very people that donated them! The first thing is to get everything aired and sunned and cleaned, and then a great many things will welcome a coat of paint.



Old trays and saucers are worth taking, because, with a gay coat of

paint, they make stands for flower pots and tubs. Dingy looking vases or brass lamp stands you can paint. With energy you can make rusty hardware in tools nice and clean again. If you acquire any ugly pictures in better frames, remove the pictures and sell the frames. Old books whose covers are faded you might cover neatly. Even old tin cans with covers you can paint for candy boxes. Old clothing had better be left for the real junkman, but you will find that clean bright rags sell for rag rugs, and bits of wool if wound tidily for embroidering. Half the fun is in using your own ingenuity in returning something to its original attractiveness, or in turning it into something else equally useful. Most junk may be down, but never out! Not for a vigorous Scout with soap, kerosene, polish, sun, dye, stain and paint at her command. The only "don't" is, don't waste your time on making something useless. And charge sensibly—on advice from your mothers.

The best time to advertise your sale is when you collect your junk, helped by a newspaper notice and some posters that you can make yourselves. The best time to have it is when your customers have recovered from that spring-cleaning feeling of never wanting to put another thing in the house and have caught the early summer fever of wanting to "do over" every room with something bright and new. The best way to sell it is to display it attractively, and toward the end of the afternoon when the less salable things are left, is to stage an auction, well announced, and with a clever auctioneer.

You may not have the luck of the junk booth that sold a single andiron to a lady who was sure she had its mate in the attic at home, both sides forgetting the same lady had donated the same andiron! But if you do it well, you will have found a safe, amusing and sure way of taking yourself on your vacation, and can spend the rest of the spring doing something for someone who hasn't the good fortune to be a Scout.

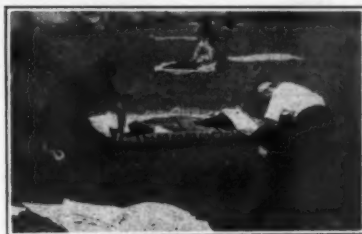
The Blanket Roll and How to Roll It

Would you have a successful overnight hike, roll your blanket according to Hoyle:

Spread your poncho to its full size on a level space on the ground or tent floor.

Spread out on it—all wrinkles smoothed out—your blanket or blankets, leaving on all sides a margin of poncho. (This keeps the blanket from coming to the edge in the rolling.)

Lay near the center—smoothed out and as flat as possible—your sleeping robe, a bath towel, a bathing suit, if you are contemplating a swim, and a flashlight if one is being taken.



Demonstrating the blanket roll at New Brunswick, N. J.

Call a helper, where you are not alone, and start rolling inward as tightly as possible till side meets side.

Tie with a small cord at the center a knot you can easily untie. (You will need to use the same string on your return.)

Tie again, four inches from either end and between the ends and center.

Bring the ends together side by side and tie lightly.

Throw the roll over the head, the ends under one arm; the center of the blanket on the opposite side.

You are off! Walking is made easy, baggage reduced to a minimum—and clean and dry will be your bed in the woods.

—P. A.



CAMP ANDRÉE ENCOURAGES OUR FEATHERED FRIENDS

The layout of Camp Andrée is conducive to abundant bird life. The lake, the brook, the hillsides and the orchards furnish attractions for many different kinds of birds. Eighty-seven varieties were found in the vicinity of Andrée last summer, and more than twenty varieties are winter residents.

In winter, a feeding station is provided to attract the birds and help them to better endure the storms and extreme cold. On a peach tree about ten feet from the windows a piece of suet is securely

stead of bringing the bluebirds, a broadwinged hawk was attracted, and furnished an unusual sight, sitting on a branch so near the windows, leisurely enjoying a beefsteak breakfast. Nor was he satisfied when this had been consumed, but came again and again for the suet which he was unable to wrench from the tree. He is a friendly variety, feeding principally upon mice, insects, etc.

One morning a strange voice was heard among the feathered family, and it was discovered that an unde-

other, as they clung to the tree.

The white-breasted nuthatch is perhaps the most interesting. He is full of action, full of initiative; he knows what he wants and gets it. Nature has provided him with an extra long bill and he believes in using it. He will alight on the board and fill that long bill of his with grain again and again, spreading his wings and tail and putting up such a pretty fight if any bird attempts to interfere with him. Or, he will approach the suet, always head downwards, without any effort to keep his balance. He drives his bill into the suet with the force of his whole body, hanging onto the tree bark the while with his sharp claws.

Like the Girl Scout, the chickadee is always cheerful. In spite of cold and storm, he flits and bobs about uttering his inspiring "Chick-a-dee-dee-dee!" over and over again, furnishing an example in cheerfulness that one cannot easily ignore.

The chickadees, the nuthatches and the downy woodpeckers are endowed with the hoarding instinct, and when they succeed in getting off larger bits of suet than they can immediately swallow, they place them under scales of loose bark. Often a nuthatch is seen taking what a downy has hidden and a downy discovering what a chickadee or nuthatch has carefully tucked away.

All the birds become quite tame, and whenever they see anyone outside, they fly from all directions, expecting to find a fresh supply of food. If disturbed while feeding, they fly only a short distance and wait until the suet is adjusted or the grain boards replenished. In fact, the chickadee, nuthatch and downy woodpecker are so friendly that they remain in the tree when one stands beneath it.

In taking bird pictures the camera is operated from inside the house by pulling a thread which is tied to the lever. After focussing the camera, it is placed on a box the right height and covered, so that the birds will not be startled by the motion.

It is difficult to tell how many individuals are fed daily, but seventy-five would probably be a safe estimate. The amount of food consumed is quite surprising. This winter over fifty pounds of grain have been fed and about four pounds of suet. SARA MOLINE.



Breakfasting at Andrée.

fastened with wire netting, so that hawk or squirrel may not get away with the whole piece. Grain is placed on boards under the tree. Breakfast cereals have been tried, but we find our birds like best the Commercial Baby Chick Feed.

The birds eagerly avail themselves of the proffered food. The slate-colored junco with his neat white vest, the song sparrow, the dainty tree sparrow and the white-throated sparrow whose name so well describes him, were there pecking away. In the late fall and early spring the fox sparrow joins the ranks.

The downy woodpecker, the white-breasted nuthatch, the brown creeper and the chickadee are constant visitors. The purple finch, the starling and the blue jay occasionally pay a visit, but seem to view the arrangement with too much suspicion to feel at home.

A flock of bluebirds spent the past winter at Andrée, living on sumach berries. Hoping to lure this sweet harbinger of happiness to the feeding station, a piece of steak was nailed to the peach tree. But in-

surable alien had found his way to the feeding station. As he comes only for his breakfast and does not bring his numerous relatives with him, he is tolerated on the principle that the sun shines on the just and the unjust alike. However, one can't help regretting that the immigration laws were not more strict at the time the English sparrow was admitted!

The downy woodpecker is unquestionably boss of the suet. No other dares approach when Mr. Downy, bobbing his crimson cap, hitches his way down the tree trunk with his tail braced, making his body balance at an angle of forty-five degrees. It is interesting to note that Mrs. Downy often comes to the peach tree when her mate is there, but never attempts to have her lunch until his Excellency has departed. The Downys enjoyed the suet so much last year that they continued coming for it after the winter was over, and in June it was quite amusing to see the mother Downy feeding her two full-grown babies. She would nip off bits of suet and feed first one and then the

THE SHADOW PARTY

(Continued from page 11.)

did not want to be disturbed. Norda threw her arms around Laddie.

"Laddie," she cried, "I don't believe you have ever been to Shadow Party. I'm going to take you to mine. Come along."

She hurried into the dining room. "We can't stop to eat," she explained to his wistful nosing around the table, "but we'll take the refreshments with us—the whole cake I made this morning, and the muffins, and that plate of fudge. I guess that will have to answer every purpose, including supper, for us."

As she talked she was slipping the food into a basket. She added a box of matches and shut down the cover fast. Then she made sure that the fire in the kitchen would keep till morning; that the fire in the study was entirely extinguished.

IT was already dark, the storm having brought the night early. Norda and Laddie went quicky down the path and turned up the road toward the Hall, the wind at their backs helping them along. As they went up the drive, Norda wanted to listen and look about—make sure that the men had not yet returned, but the storm forced her to seek the protection of the house as quickly as possible. Opening a side door that she had left unlocked, she stepped in, Laddie at her heels.

As she closed and bolted the door, shutting out the sound of the storm, the stillness of the dark, empty house enveloped them. Laddie gave a low whine, and came and rubbed his head against her knee. Norda gave herself a little shake and patted Laddie's head. "Now, look here, Laddie," she said, "we're going to have a great time. You've come to my Shadow Party, and you musn't be scared! You must act as if you were having the time of your life."

Feeling in the basket, Norda drew out the match box, struck a match and lighted one of the two candles that, in her first excursion through the house, she had left on the table by the side door. On her first visit she had placed fresh candles in every room from the supply she had discovered in a closet, or lamps which she had herself filled with oil, discovered in the same place. Now, lighting the other candle, and taking the box of matches, Norda went out into the

main hall, Laddie close at her heels, and lighted a tall floor lamp at the foot of the stairs. With the candle and matches she went on from room to room, lighting lamps and candles till the entire first floor was illuminated.

Then she raised the inside blinds so that the lights could be seen outside through the shades and curtains.

"Almost all ready for the party, Laddie," she exclaimed, as she started upstairs with two lighted lamps in her hand. One of these Norda placed in the main hall upstairs, the other she carried to the back of the house, in to what she assumed must be the servants' quarters, and left it burning in one of the rooms. "Now," she cried, "I'm all ready, and even an inexperienced burglar ought to be able to see at a glance that the family are at home!"

A board creaked ominously somewhere in the long hall behind her. Laddie pricked up his ears. Somewhere a shutter strained stridently on its hinges. The two sounds—inside and out—reverberated through the empty house like a warning. Norda, at the top of the stair, stood still, suddenly acutely conscious of the bigness of the house as she and Laddie stood there together in the center of it; conscious of her own smallness, her own impotence. And worst of all, suddenly conscious of the childishness of her plan. It would never fool them—never. It was full of flaws—full of loopholes for discovery! She had rushed into it blindly with her desire to help the grey girl! Sitting up there in the chestnut tree, the thought had overwhelmed her: "What if they were planning to get great-grandmother's silver teapot that we all love so, and that suggests such wonder stories to mother whenever she pours from it! If we have one thing so precious as that, what must the princess have in the Hall! I can't let them get in there—I can't even think of it!" And she had seized blindly on the first plan that had occurred to her. She had not waited to let it occur to her that possibly keen men would not act and reason just the way she wanted them to—turn back silently at the sight of the unexpected lights! On the contrary, they knew that the Hardwicks were not planning to return till next week—doubtless they also knew where the Hardwicks were right now—this very night! In that case, wouldn't they investigate—find ways of assuring themselves

just what had happened—just who was occupying Hardwick Hall?

And then—

Protectingly Norda threw her arms around Laddie. He tried to lick her face and that made her laugh, and the laugh brought back her courage.

"Now, Laddie," she cried, "let's go down and start our party. What's the use of trying to think up scares?"

IT'S only a quarter of seven," said Norda, looking at her watch. "A little too early for the party to begin in earnest, but I think it would be a good thing to have a rehearsal; so, here goes." And turning in at the music room, she opened the victrola, chose a dance record, and in another moment the room was lively with the strains of an inviting waltz. Going over to the library, she came back with a life-sized bust of Shelley. "Won't the girls be crazy to dance with him, Laddie?" she demanded. She placed the bust on a table and went back to the hall. From a cedar chest she drew a man's coat, a sweater, a scarf and, with a little cry of delight, a wide hair-ribbon. "I hadn't thought of that; of course, there ought to be children at the party, Lad."

She slipped the coat over Shelley's shoulders. Presently the shadow of a young man appeared on the shade of one of the library windows, going in the opposite direction from the music room, and almost in the next instant a couple, to the strains of the victrola, waltzed by the windows of the music room—the man a good head taller than the girl. They had scarcely passed before another couple passed—this time the man and girl were of about the same height. Twice these two couples danced past the windows. Then, as the music came to a stop, a little girl, with a big bow of ribbon on her hair, came running past the windows of the music room, the library, the dining room, and out into the kitchen. And in the kitchen presently appeared the shadow of a maid, in cap and apron, with a large tray heaped up with plates of eatables. The little girl danced out of the kitchen ahead of the maid and followed by her. The two went into the music room—the maid passed first one window and then the other with her tray of goodies, bending down to offer them to the guests. From the music room, she

(Continued on page 30)

The "Buddy" Plan of Water Accident Prevention

BY CAPT. FRED C. MILLS.

Girl Scout camps are urged to adopt this plan.

Bathers are placed in pairs, according to ability, and made responsible for each other's safety during their stay in the water.

Two non-swimmers enter the water (which should never be above the armpits for beginners, and inclosed by life lines,) together, and during their lesson always keep each other in sight. If one should suddenly become ill, have a cramp or faint and go under, his "Buddy" would know about it and either help or call for assistance. The same would hold true with swimmers who are permitted to swim to the bathing limit.

If one bather comes ashore the other must also come ashore or the "Buddy" will notify the Bathing Master.

By using this plan the possibility of a drowning accident is materially decreased. A sense of responsibility is given to each bather which is to be desired. While not relieving the Bathing Master and life saving crew of any responsibility it gives them an added sense of security through knowing that each bather has two people looking after their individual safety; namely, themselves and their "Buddies".

The first week that this plan was tried at one of the large boys' camps, there were four calls from boys that their "Buddies" needed assistance.

Cases are not at all rare of people disappearing without a word or struggle while swimming; going out of sight so quietly that in spite

of the best supervision they were not missed for some time.

This is particularly true where the water is not clear; in such cases possible rescue is made more difficult by having no way of locating the body except by grappling irons, which is an extremely slow operation.

At this point may we emphasize the necessity for having on hand for use an approved type of grappling irons. Beside its practical value its presence has a psychological effect which is worth while.

A water telescope is another piece of life saving apparatus that every camp should have. A good water telescope may be made by inserting a glass in the large end of a small megaphone; putty, made of red lead and varnish will hold the glass in place; putty up the seam and give the whole thing, except the glass a coat of shellac or spar varnish. By placing the large end in the water and the small end to the eye it will be found that the bottom can be clearly seen at considerable depth.

It is amazing to note in reading over drowning cases for the last year, how many deaths occurred among good swimmers while in the water. The cause of this in many cases is no doubt due to the fact that the victim entered the water within a short time after eating a hearty meal. Too much emphasis cannot be placed on the danger of such a practice. At least two hours should elapse after the completion of a meal before entering the water.

Persons who are subject to sudden attacks of illness of any kind should never enter the water unaccompanied.

THE SHADOW PARTY

(Continued from page 29)

went over to the library where evidently more guests were assembled, for she was busy in there offering her cakes. Finally, as the music started up again, the maid carried her empty tray back to the kitchen.

"I should call that an excellent rehearsal, Laddie," said Norda, tossing him a muffin. "And it gives you a very good idea of what we're going to keep up all night."

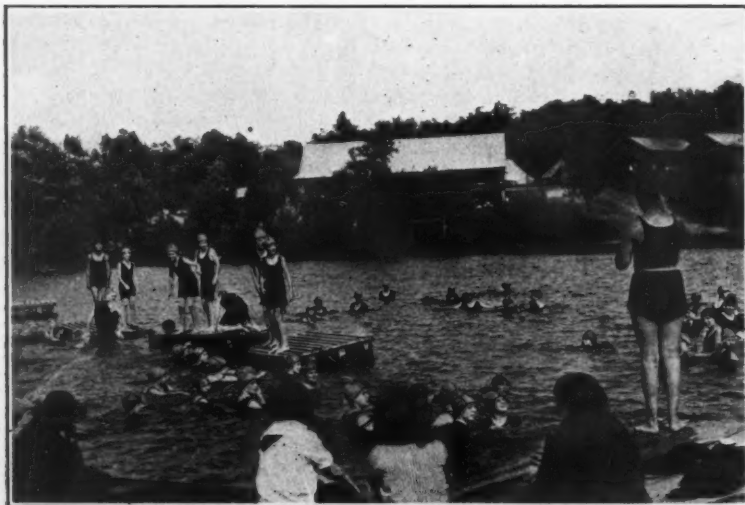
"Now," she added, "I'm going to play Sister Anne, and see if—not our two brothers—but if Bluebeard is about!" She slipped into a closet off the pantry. From the window she had a strategic view of the Hall grounds. This was to be her lookout. The storm was still raging, bending and bowing the great trees almost to the earth; tearing off twigs and branches and flinging them to the ground. But there was still no sign from the window of any human being. "Maybe I won't be able to see them, anyway," thought Norda, as she went out and closed the door, "but I'll keep a sharp watch-out."

From half-past eight, the Shadow Party was on in earnest. Continuous music filled the house. Dance and song vied with each other. Sometimes the piano accompanied a record with more or less success. There was dancing at intervals—over in the library an elderly lady, to judge by her spectacles and shawl wrapped about her shoulders, now and then passed the window with a magazine or book; so did a young man, more hastily, further from the window, so that little more than his shoulders and head were visible. The life of the party seemed to be a little girl with a big hair ribbon on her hair—she was everywhere in evidence—even standing up at one time and either making a stump speech or reciting—for when she finished and got down there was a burst of applause and laughter.

Out in the kitchen a trim maid was visible, busily engaged in preparing a tray, or in wiping dishes and putting them away. She had as audience one of the men servants who had not the good grace to take off his hat.

Once in a while, too, the bark of a dog mingled with other sounds of excitement.

At nearly twelve, Norda slipped into her lookout. The strain of the evening was beginning to tell. "But there's nothing to do but go through with it," she explained to Laddie. "And I don't want to do anything



Camp Hibernia, Jersey City, N. J., uses the Buddy Plan.

else." Closing out the light, she went to the window of the closet. The storm seemed to be at its height. For several moments, Norda could distinguish nothing but the swaying trees. Then—her heart tightened. Oh, surely, over there—by the side of the drive—

She shrank back into deeper shadow. Over there, by the drive, something had moved—walked back behind a tree again!

The test was on her.

In another moment, a couple waltzed merrily past the music room window, then another. The big-bowed little girl followed, mimicking them. The elderly lady over in the library changed her book. The maid came out of the kitchen with her tray of sweets—the Shadow Party was functioning with all its might.

Norda set her tray down on the table in the library, and stepped away from shadowing the shade. Had they seen how her hands were trembling? She broke off a piece of cake and threw it to Laddie, who leaping for it made a most inspiring silhouette as he opened his mouth and gobbled down the whole piece. Norda started to break him off another—then stopped short, as if turned to stone.

There were footsteps in the driveway—under the window—they were approaching the house!

A low growl from Laddie and, forgetful of the cake, he turned toward the door.

Laddie was right—the footsteps were coming up the steps of the porch.

Laddie's growl deepened, but Norda stood there, looking at the door as if turned to stone. The Shadow Party had failed! She had not deceived them!

A bell rang out, reverberating to Norda's ears like a tocsin. Laddie barked—a short, ugly, warning bark.

Then—outside and in—there was waiting. Then the bell rang again. It was followed by a knocking.

The room went black before Norda.

Another knock—the—a voice called and at the sound of the voice the darkness cleared and Norda started. It was a familiar voice!

In another instant she had placed it; it was the voice of Swinton Bennett who brought the mail.

Norda stepped to the door and opened it. Mr. Bennett followed by a group of men, stepped in. "Where's Mr. Hardwick?" he

asked, looking at Norda in astonishment. "We want to talk with him." His tone implied that this was not time for little girls.

"Mr. Hardwick isn't here, Mr. Bennett," said Norda, flushing furiously. "I—er—what did you want to see him for?"

"Where are the other men, then?" demanded Mr. Bennett.

There was nothing to do but to tell them. With head erect, Norda, knowing they would laugh at her, or maybe not believe her, told her story from start to finish. The men gathering around, listened intently. When she had finished she said bravely: "I suppose I was foolish and jumped to conclusions, but I really thought the Hall was going to be robbed, and I just had to do what I could to save it."

"Foolish!" cried Mr. Bennett, and a little laugh of excitement and approbation went around the group. "My dear Miss Norda, you *did* save the Hall! We got wind, over in town tonight, that this thing was going to happen, and a bunch of us started, but the storm threw a tree across our path—we couldn't get cars over or around it—nothing to do but go back and come out by way of Fox Bridge Road. If it hadn't been for you the thing would have been done and over by the time we arrived. But you had them guessing. They were hiding among the trees, watching and waiting whether or not to make a try when the party had gone to bed, and we stole up behind and grabbed them. They're a good ways along the return trail now."

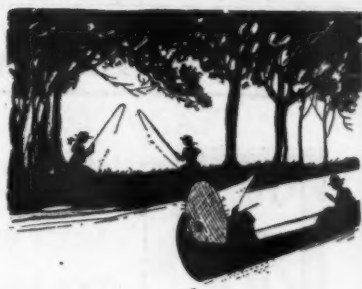
"Mr. Bennett; Oh, Mr. Bennett—do you really mean it?" Norda threw her arms around Laddie's neck to hide her tears of excitement. "Oh, Laddie! Laddie! our Shadow Party was a success!"

The next afternoon a grey car, driven by a girl in a grey gown, drew up at Fern Cottage. Sylvia Hardwick got out and knocked on the white door with the brass knocker. "I'm Sylvia Hardwick," she cried, as Norda opened the door for her. "I have come to thank you, you wonderful girl!" She caught Norda's hand and followed her into the sitting room.

"Oh, no!" Norda laughed. "It was just an inspiration—and there hasn't been any excitement, you know, since I came to Fern Cottage."

Sylvia looked at her with glowing eyes. "I never heard of anything

(Continued on page 33.)



In the Open With El Comancho

You can have matches that will always burn in wet weather or if you fall into the river and get everything wet. All you need to do is to dip the matches, head first, into a thin solution of ordinary shellac and let them dry; then pack them in any ordinary good waterproof match safe.

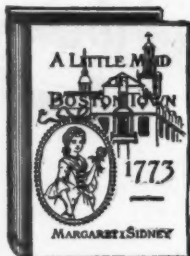
Never build a fire where it can get into rotten dry wood or "punk." It will burn here undetected and unnoticed for days, only to break out in an altogether unlooked for way the first windy day that comes along to fan it into flame that makes a forest fire days after you have gone home from the woods.

Hardwood coals will retain fire for hours after you think they are out and the fire dead. If a bed of hardwood coals is covered with ashes and left, it may have fire in it a week after you think it is out. Always soak your camp fire ash bed when you leave, or bury it under clean dirt.

Materials that make a quick, hot fire and burn entirely out, leaving no coals are willow, cottonwood, sunflower and other dry weed stalks; dry roots without bark, cedar, quaking aspen and non-resinous pine. Any other very light material like grass, leaves, etc., will usually do the same thing.

Don't build a big camp fire to cook over. A small hot fire makes no smoke and concentrates the heat so you can cook over it easily without getting your eyes full of smoke and your grub full of ashes. Keep your cooking fire in the open away from all obstructions.

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Do your good turn today by telling us what you did last year!

PIG IN THE WOODS

(Continued from page 15.)

about. Well, not too near, of course."

The next dusky evening I was waiting by the log dock for the shout of our two duck hunters across the lake. They had been gone since early morning, their dinner was simmering on the fire, and the little boat was ready to cross the lake to get them. The duck-lake was some miles off, and the boys had handled guns all their lives,—but they were overdue. And as soon as you realize you are waiting, every minute is like six. I knew I was fretting,—though I was reasoning very firmly with my-

self—when a sudden eerie howl went up that—well, your blood *can* freeze! I thought of banshees. I thought of the Hound of the Baskervilles. The most welcome thing I ever heard in my life was the whoop of two human boys on the other shore a moment later.

"Kopje's smelled a porcupine," said the hunters, and with that whimpering Airedale on board, we went back in record time, too.

Camp was black-dark when we reached it, except for the cooking fire. We had no tweezers. We had no chloroform. Perhaps that was fortunate, because dogs' hearts can't stand much chloroform, or any anaesthetic. Mother built up the fire. Sister held the flashlight. We laid Kopje, looking like a pincushion and beside himself with agony, on the log table, and tied him with straps and neckties to the logs. Even so I had to lie across him—he was my dog,—to keep him from thrashing loose. One boy pressed his jaws open with a piece of stick and the other pulled at the quills with a pair of pliers till—it was a very hard job—he was worn out and changed shifts with the stick-man. We worked as quickly as we could, because besides the pain to the dog, there is danger that the barbed quills will work up into the dog's head. But it took us steadily from eight to eleven—with the most heartrending howls going up. The cow-man was eight miles and a thousand-foot range away from us, but he came up next day to see who had died. And each howl ran reverberating around the pine-hill walls of the lake. With characteristic Airedale enterprise Kopje had taken a good mouthful of his discovery. His muzzle was a miniature porcupine of itself. His mouth and tongue were a mass. The nose and the tongue were the most sensitive, but each and every quill had to be taken separately and jerked well. It was a limp and bloody dog that was finally wrapped up in the tent. It was limper people that crawled into bed with their clothes on. I was too tired to weep, too tired to more than think of the soups and liquid nourishment I would cook for the invalid for a whole week.

The next morning we found that Airedale sucking at a dog-biscuit. Just the same, I have always hoped that if someone does get lost in Lassen county, the porcupine he has to crack on the head will be that very porcupine.

Essay Contest

The American Humane Association is offering \$125 to Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, and Camp Fire Girls, in the Association's Annual Poster and Essay Competition. Girl Scouts are especially urged to take part before the contest closes on April 30th.

The object of the contest is to educate all classes of people everywhere to practice, in thought and deed, kindness to all around them, particularly to children and animals.

The prizes are offered as follows: Four prizes of \$10, \$7.50, \$5 and \$2.50 will be given for the best essays that *have appeared in print*. The National Association of Audubon Societies will give \$15 and \$10 for the best essays on the protection of birds.

The rules are: (1) The essay is limited to 800 words; (2) it must be legibly written (typewriter preferred) on one side of the paper only; (3) it must be signed by author's name and address and mailed to The American Humane Association Essay Contest Department, Albany, N. Y. Further information may be also obtained at the above address.

THE SHADOW PARTY

(Continued from page 31)

so splendid," she went on; "so fearless and so ingenuous and so—so kind." To Norda's astonishment, tears suddenly filled the girl's eyes. "That was the part I felt most—it was so very kind. And I, of all people in the world, didn't deserve it."

Norda laughed. "Why, Miss Hardwick," she cried, "how perfectly silly. Of course, you deserved to have your things—the things you love—saved!"

"I don't believe they have told you!" Sylvia raised her head and looked at Norda. "I—I don't believe you know that I—I am the one who has driven your Aunt Beatrice to Europe. I have spoiled her home and mine. I have been a wicked, hateful, selfish thing—and I don't deserve anything from anybody—certainly not from you."

Norda gasped in astonishment. "My Aunt Bee—you—" She caught Sylvia by the shoulders. "Tell me," she cried, breathless, "please tell me—everything—quickly. I don't know what you are talking about, and I was never so excited in my life."

"My father," said Sylvia steadily, "and your Aunt Beatrice were—are

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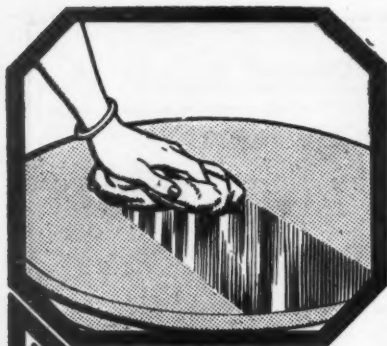
in love with each other, and they wanted to marry, and I interfered. I couldn't bear the thought of anyone else sharing my father—he's been mine so long—since I can remember—and I wouldn't even meet your Aunt Bee. I just said and did everything ugly and selfish and hateful I could think of, till at last father became afraid—not of me but for me—and your Aunt Beatrice told him to tell me not to worry any more, that she was going abroad and would never see my father again. And at first I thought I had done something wonderful, until I saw how father began to look.

"And then that day—do you re-

member—when I drove by, and you and your grandfather and the dog were out by the house—you were digging and so was he—well, I had a good look at you before you turned and, do you know, I liked you! Liked you awfully, in spite of myself. And I wanted to know you—and it made me so mad that I just speeded by.

"And now—now I've made father send a cable to your aunt, and Oh, Norda! you and I are going to be cousins! Can't we be friends, too?"

"I told you something thrilling would happen," cried Editha, when the whole story had been read from grandfather's and Norda's letters,



Makes a Clean Sweep of the Dust

And that's not all. Besides keeping your fine furniture and piano free from dust, a 3-in-One Dustless Dust-Cloth will remove ordinary soil and fingermarks. These dust-cloths are made right at home—very economical. Pour a little

3-in-One Oil

on a piece of cheesecloth. Allow the oil to permeate the cloth before using. Make one today.

You can also make a splendid 3-in-One Polish Mop. Cut off the strands of a new twine mop a few inches from the handle. Pour on sufficient oil to permeate the strands. Let it stand awhile. This mop will improve wonderfully the looks of your hardwood and painted floors, linoleum, and oilcloth. Picks up all the dust and lint. "Heals up" minor scars and scratches.

3-in-One is sold at all stores in 50c, 25c and 15c bottles; also in 25c Handy Oil Cans.

FREE Write and we will send you a generous sample of 3-in-One and Dictionary of Uses—FREE.

THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO.

Broadway,
New York



CANDY—ALL KINDS

My book "Candy As I Make It" will teach anyone how to make all kinds of delicious candies. Failure impossible. Write MARGERY A. RICKER, Dept. 10, Lynbrook, L. I., N. Y.

SPECIAL OFFER TO GIRL SCOUTS AND FRIENDS

Send a post card with your name and address plainly written; also the name of a friend interested in Art Embroidery, and we will mail you our advance catalogue of special values that will surprise you.

DEPARTMENT A
THE PRESCOTT LEIGH CO.
P. O. Box 617 Providence, R. I.



ALL FREE
COUNT THEM Gold finished Necklaces, Handcuff stone set Bracelet, Caneos, Ring, Persian Brooch, Hawaiian Ring, Signet Ring with your initial and your Birthstone Ring, All Gold Filled, Complete Jewelry Outfit. **FREE** for sending 20 packages of Bluffs Perfumed Ironing Wax at 15c. each. Extra present if you order now. **Send no money.**
BINGO CO. Dept. 224 BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

A limited supply of the proceedings of an unofficial and informal Conference of Brownie Leaders held at Nordbeck, Md., in November, 1922, is now on sale at National Headquarters for 50 cents per copy.

by the astonished Paine family gathered in council.

"And Norda did find the rainbow pot and salted the nightingale's tail, as you also predicted," said Beatrice.

"And leaped into a breach that you and I, Beatrice, would have thought was the Grand Canyon," laughed Editha.

"And made a friend that no one thought could be made," added her mother.

"Norda is lucky," suggested Mr. Paine.

"No," said Beatrice decidedly, "Norda is of the stuff that friendships are made."

(Continued from page 18)

The menus were all planned out ahead (most of our provisions had to be taken up with us). Several mothers were with us at different times. We had provided a splendid first aid kit, and our first trip to the nearby inn informed us that a doctor was staying there. Luck was with us, as we had no need for either. Everything was planned out ahead, to the smallest detail, and very little had to be changed.

One pit each was made for dish-water, refuse of all kinds and tin cans. All pits were carefully covered each day. We had very few flies, but just myriads of yellow-jackets and bees.

We stayed till the last minute we could—till the fire reached the last control, and then I felt very proud indeed when one little Scout said she had such a good time because I had kept them all so busy that they could not help but have a good time. I think that was the secret, though I did not know it at the time. Maybe I did not enjoy it! Well—it's going to be a much longer period this year.

All the girls, without exception, earned their board money and all they spent for horses, by working in the fruit, mostly at home. I think that had a great deal to do with their enjoyment. It was a vacation well earned. Several gained in weight and all were enriched personally through the friendships formed with each other and the contacts, through visits of the owls, squirrels and jays, made with Nature.

MRS. J. DURRENBERGER,
Captain.

Tell THE AMERICAN GIRL about your last year's vacation!
Material should be here by May 10th.

Sell Candy for Us

Liberal profits. 30 days in which to send us our share of the proceeds. Express prepaid to any point in U. S. east of Syracuse, N. Y. and north of Philadelphia, Penna. Liberal express allowances elsewhere. Candy absolutely fresh. Shipments usually same day order is received.

\$22 Easily Earned Money for Camping

Upon order of your captain we will send an assortment of 60 boxes of bars (24 bars to a box) to be sold for us—all 60 bars of standard well-known makes including SCHRAFFT, HERSEY, WANETA, etc., fresh and delicious. Sell them in 30 days. Send us \$50. Keep \$23 profit. This profit is clear unless you are outside our prepaid zone. Give reference.

We also send smaller lots, 30, 40 or 50 boxes on similar terms at proportionate prices.

You can order from this advertisement or send for circular. Prices quoted are subject to change.

Ask about Flag Offer

FRED D. LESURE COMPANY

Wholesale Confectioner

FITCHBURG, 19 BROAD ST., MASS.

BIRD-LORE

A Bi-Monthly Magazine

EDITED BY FRANK M. CHAPMAN

500 Pages, 6 Colored Plates

Price yearly, one dollar and a half

It will tell you how to study birds, how to form and conduct bird clubs, how to make nesting boxes, feeding stands and bird baths. You may consult its Advisory Council, take part in its bird censuses and, in short, become one of the great fraternity who finds in birds "the most eloquent expression of nature's beauty, joy and freedom."

We will be glad to mail you a specimen copy on request

D. APPLETON & CO.

Harrisburg

Pennsylvania

BASKETRY MATERIALS. Reeds, raffa, wooden bases, chair cane, Indian ash, splints, cane, webbing, wooden beads, braided straw, rush, willow, pine needles, books, tools, dyes. Catalogue and Directions, 15 cents. LOUIS STOUGHTON DRAKE, Inc., 26 Everett St., Allston, Station 34, Boston, Mass.

GENUINE INDIAN MADE BASKETS AND WAMPUM

95 Styles

Priced wholesale. Catalogue free.

FRANK MARION GILHAM
Kelseyville, California

KOTEX



Confidence

PRICELESS to women is sense of well-being, of self-confidence and poise. To be sure of one's self in any emergency, in any costume, and upon any occasion—is indeed worth much.

Women have found in Kotex both assurance and comfort. Kotex makes it possible to wear the daintiest frocks with a sense of safety, and to attend to one's regular occupation or social engagements without discomfort.

Kotex are available in good stores everywhere—dry-goods, drug and department stores. They are far superior to other sanitary pads and make-shifts.

Ask for them by Name



Regular size, 12 for 65c

Hospital size, 6 for 45c

(Additional thickness)

Kotex cabinets are now being distributed in women's rest-rooms everywhere—hotels, office buildings, theatres, and other places—from which may be obtained one Kotex with two safety pins, in plain wrapper, for 10 cents.

Copyright 1923, Cellucotton Products Co., 166 W. Jackson Boulevard, Chicago; 51 Chambers Street, New York; Factories, Neenah, Wis.

INEXPENSIVE, COMFORTABLE HYGIENIC and SAFE — KOTEX

Plays! Plays!

We have the newest and most attractive as well as the largest assortment of plays in the world, as well as the most popular plays for girls only.

Send a two-cent stamp for our new catalogue describing thousands of plays.

We have just published the Girl Scout play,

"The Taming of Horrors"

which originally appeared in THE AMERICAN GIRL. The price is 30c. per copy.

"Converting of Mrs. Noshuns" was first published in THE AMERICAN GIRL. 30c. per copy.

SAMUEL FRENCH

28-30 W. 38th St. New York City

PLAYS For Boy Scouts, Camp Fire Girls, For the Home or School Room, Dialogs, Speakers, Monologs, Minstrel Opening Choruses and Blackface Plays, Recitations, Drills. How to Stage a Play. Make-up. Catalogue FREE. T. S. DENISON & CO., 623 So. Wabash, Dept. 87 CHICAGO

The "Money Earning Plan"

for

Churches, Societies, Schools, will put money in the treasury of any Girl Scout Troop east of the Mississippi River.

For information write

Charles R. Davis

184 Ward Street Newton Center, 59, Mass.

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FREE CATALOG CLUB AND NUMBER IN CLASS
Either pin illustrated made with any 3 letters and 2 figures, one or two colors enamel. Silver plate, 25¢ ea., \$1.00 doz. Sterling silver, 40¢ ea., \$4.00 doz. Write for catalog of sterling and solid gold pins and rings.
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SPECIAL VALUES
AG 10 Gold Plated Pin 40c each. \$4.00 doz.

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LARGE CAMERA FREE
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Genuine Kodak Film Pack, Eastman Camera. Hand-eye-lens. Makes large, clear pictures. Snap shots or time. Easy to operate. Free for one in 30 days. Ring Perforated Ironing Wax at 10¢ each. Bellon sults. Send no money. Extra present 12 7-in order now. Big Premium Book Free. Ringo Co. Dept. 27A, Binghamton, N.Y.

WATER SAFETY FOR CAMPERS AND HIKERS

(Continued from page 24)

the water and for his hands instead of the head. Smaller buoys can be used, if desired.

A four prong grappling iron is a life saving appliance not often needed in camp. When the need arises, it is needed badly. These may be made locally or purchased for \$2.25 complete with drag rope from the Life Saving Equipment Company of Esmond, R. I. It is built of sharpened maleable wire which will straighten out if it catches in a snag. It can be bent into shape again by hand. Another thing which is supplied by this same company is floated life line—half inch rope with a white cedar seine float every foot to keep it resting on surface. The price of this is about \$4.00 for a 60 foot float of line. Each float is well painted and the line should last for several seasons.

Check-up systems to be sure that all bathers come out safely are the water buddy system and the individual check system. Pamphlets explaining the buddy system can be obtained from the Washington Division of the American Red Cross at Washington, D. C. Each bather has a partner of her own swimming grade who is responsible for her safe return. Only one buddy lies down in the water at a time while the other stands by to help. The check plan is to have a metal numbered check for each bather. It is worn on a string around the neck except at swimming time when it is hung on a numbered check board. Checks on the board indicate that bathers are still in the water. No bather is permitted to remove other than her own check after a swim. The buddy system is by far the most effective, but some large camps use combinations of both methods with the colored bathing caps.

A very effective method of safeguarding beginners in troop or hike camps and even in camps of longer duration, is the plan of having each beginner placed in charge of a swimmer who devotes part of each morning's swim to the instruction of this pupil. Camp honors are given for his service. Where a regular teaching course is maintained it is distinctly advantageous to have the swimmers come in three or four groups, according to their ability. It gives the swimmers more satisfaction and increases the efficiency of the coaching as the students all try to excel their comrades.



Sell Pirika Candy

Write To-day for Our Attractive Proposition on How to Make Money for Your Troop

YOUR PROFITS ARE \$20.00 ON ONE CASE.

One Girl Scout Council Made \$3,500 in Two Weeks by Selling PIRIKA CANDIES.

The candy is so fresh and delicious it sells fast and many troops have sold a case in 2 or 3 days. You can build up a steady business because once your friends have tasted the Bars they will ask for more.

Write us today for our easy money making proposition and we will send you samples and circulars.

All candy is guaranteed to be satisfactory, if not return it at our expense.

Pirika Social Service

THE PIRIKA CHOCOLATE COMPANY, INC.

972 Dean St.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.



DIRECTORS and CAPTAINS

We are willing to pay Girl Scouts very liberally for helping us to introduce something new in the way of a household necessity that practically sells on sight. Write to us for free sample and details of our plan.

RUSTNOT PRODUCTS CO.

Marion Building

Cleveland, Ohio

ASK YOUR STOREKEEPER FOR
STOVINK

THE RED STOVE REMEDY

Manufacturers

JOHNSON'S LABORATORY, INC.
Worcester, Mass.

When writing to Advertisers
kindly mention THE AMERICAN GIRL

We can summarize this article by the following: Stake out bathing place into deep and shallow water areas; organize life saving squad, provide life boat, life buoys and first aid equipment; have bathing only at regular set hours; appoint water buddies after grading swimmers; use bathing caps to designate grades of swimmers; permit use of boats only by swimmers and give regular boat and canoe tests; give camp honors for improvement in swimming and life saving ability; have all campers trained in the Schaefer method of resuscitation.

W. E. LONGFELLOW.

A Little Maid of Boston Town

By MARGARET SIDNEY.

Published by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston. \$1.50.

Margaret Sidney, who founded the National Society of the Children of the American Revolution, is well qualified to write such an interesting and entertaining story as "A Little Maid of Boston Town."

The story opens in Old Boston, England, but is soon transferred to Boston Town in New England. Anastasia, the little maid, was very angry when told that her family was moving to the New World. She loved her friends in Old Boston and was loath to leave them. Her father and brother were ardent patriots, while she was a Tory. The struggles she had with herself and the different ways in which she worked against the patriotic cause before she saw how very wrong her attitude was, make a story all Girl Scouts are sure to enjoy.

A Correction

The editors are very sorry that Mrs. Louis G. Myers's name and address were omitted in the list of Commissioners which was published last month in THE AMERICAN GIRL. Mrs. Myers is Commissioner of Manhattan, N. Y., and her address is 29 Washington Square, New York City.

The Registration Department will be glad to be notified of any other corrections.

Dish Washing in Our Camp

The Scout Manual says: "Every part of the camp work should be a pleasure, and there is no reason whatever why dishwashing should be an exception." And then follow two pages of advice showing us what fun and pleasure can be de-

rived from the process of bathing the plates. And yet—and yet!!! the dishwashers live their dishwashing days apart from the rest of the patrol; they merely exist in an unconscious state of sadness and soapiness. When the rest sit around the table at the end of the meal and sociably gossip, they sit glum, with looks portraying agitation.

Then, when everybody has finally gotten up and they are free to begin, there comes that awful moment of indecision—who washes and who dries? And does the washer "do" the pans? Evidently it is settled,

and they start in scraping the plates.

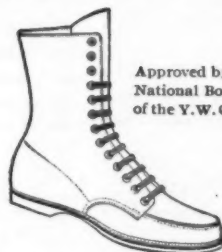
Each patrol usually has a complete musical repertoire which takes a stated time and, when rendered to the end, the dishes are finished. Ask for the songs, for they are as important a part of the patrol's equipment as the salt and the woodpile.

When it rains, dishwashers lead not a "dog's life," but a "duck's life," for the customary procedure is to stand on the side of the stove, wash by the light of the flashes, and trust to luck that the dishes are dry in the morning. Then it rains and they aren't! —NEBRASKA.

RANGELEY MOCCASINS

The right footwear for camping, hiking and all kinds of out-door sports.

They are made of a soft, durable leather, the soles are flexible and the last follows the natural lines of the foot. By securing a pair you are sure of comfort and service.



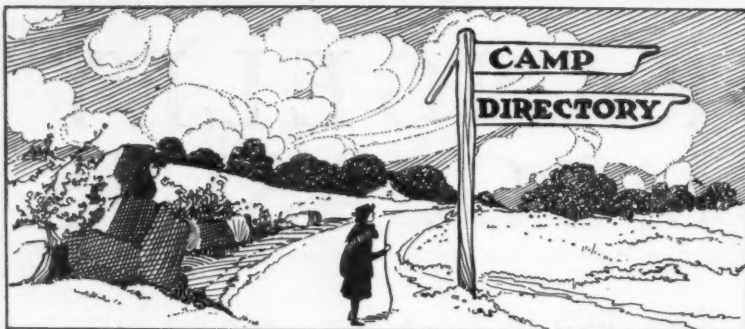
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National Board
of the Y.W.C.A.

Stock No. 923, 8-inch Smoked Elk with fibre sole.

Sold at reliable Shoe Stores and Sporting Goods Houses.

Catalog H on Request

G. H. BASS & CO., Shoemakers, WILTON, MAINE



CAMP OWAIS'SA

On Lake
Winnepesaukee

WOLFEBORO
NEW HAMPSHIRE

for girls 10 to 17 years—Season 9 weeks
—\$225—Land and Water sports—Horse-
back Riding—Small camp but very se-
lect—for information or booklet

Mrs. Gertrude M. Stevens
419 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

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CORNISH, - MAINE

Every facility for land and water sports.
Excellent atmosphere for the cultivation of
interests in art, music, drama, nature.
Practice of woodcraft and camp craft.
Leaders of national repute.
A sanitary and health giving camp, beau-
tifully located on 300 acres of wooded
country. Write for literature.

Miss Lucile R. Ryttenberg, Director
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One of the finest "all around" camps for
girls in the South. Lake Junaluska, N. C.
in the "Land and the Sky." Swimming,
canoeing, horseback riding, mountain
climbing, basketball, tennis, handcraft, na-
ture study, dancing, music and dramatic.
Girls from seventeen states and four coun-
tries last season. Booklet.

Miss Ethel J. McCoy, Va. Intermont
College, Bristol, Va.

GILFILLAN CAMP FOR GIRLS

Small group. Exceptional. Individual
Supervision. Eighteen-acre Estate. Private
Lake. 600 feet elevation. Own dairy.
Best of food. All camp activities, horse-
back riding. Physical director. Nine
weeks. June 30 to September 1. \$150 fee.
\$80 per Month. \$20 per week. Booklet on
request.

MRS. MARY E. GILFILLAN, Director
Spring Lake Farm, Paoli, Penna.

A man with years experience on Nature
Study work in camps (Scouts) desires work
next summer.

BAXTER GENOBLE, Roebuck, S. C.

The Tall Pines

A Summer Camp for Girls

A summer fairyland. Secluded among
tall, fragrant pines near Bennington, N. H.,
with a beautiful, clear lake and its sandy
beach for its front door. 1,800 ft. elevation.
Horseback riding, mountain climbing, water
sports, arts and crafts, games and nature
lore.

THE CLUB—A separate camp for young
women. For booklet address

Miss EVELINA REAMLEY
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LOCHEARN CAMP

7th Season

Beautifully and healthfully located on
Fairlee Lake, Vermont. A well equipped
and carefully conducted moderate priced
camp, for the daughters of careful parents.

MRS. FRANK MANNY CHUBB
Maplewood, New Jersey

Wanakena Camp for Girls

Pilot Knob-on-LAKE GEORGE, N. Y.

"Everyone happily occupied and safe" the
camp ideal. All field and water sports, mo-
tor boating, aquaplaning, mountain climb-
ing, riding, dancing, handcrafts. Fine Ra-
dio receiving station. Expert counselors.
trained nurse. Booklet. Counselor staff
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CAMP NEHANTIC FOR GIRLS

CONNECTICUT

A seashore camp. Bathing, all land and
water sports. An experienced Director of
Physical Education in charge at all times.
Two months—\$190.00. Booklet.

MR. AND MRS. HARRY DAVISON
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CAMP BRYN AFON

Rhineland, Wisc.—1,600 feet above sea
level. Screened sleeping bungalows with
hardwood floors; saddle horses; athletic
field; craft house; all land and water
sports. Counselors college women. All po-
sitions filled. Booklet. Lotta B. Broad-
bridge, 433 Book Building, Detroit, Mich.

CAMP MINNEHAHA

Home Care, Camp Fun, for Girls.

Twelfth Season. Three Part Camp: Blue
Birds, Teen Age Girls, Senior Rest Camp.

Experienced Counselors, Crafts, Nature Lore,
Hiking, Swimming, Gypsying, Mountain Climb-
ing.

MRS. BELLE ABBOTT ROXBY
Bat Cave, N. C.

(Continued from page 25)

these men are the highest authority
in all subjects we must class under
Campcraft, and have stores of
woodsman's knowledge for our help.
We were able to make the connec-
tion between this knowledge and
Girl Scout wants, I won't say "re-
quirements," because those for out-
door work are either not as high as
for indoor work, or have been too
amateurishly applied. Our instruct-
ors were apt to interpret Scout sub-
jects literally, which made the work
more interesting. Trailing, for in-
stance: one can interpret this to
mean a sort of paper chase, gradu-
ally giving place, wherever the
Scouts are permitted, to the blazed
trails generally taught in the girls'
camps, even where the country is
open. At the officers' camp, in
1921, the country was so tangled,
and the patrols could so easily get
lost, that it was judged sufficient to
pass Trailing, if a patrol, after an
hour or more of blazing, could get
safely back to camp through the be-
wildering swamps and second
growth. But in 1922, we were ex-
pected to make a trail for perma-
nent use; therefore, Mr. Kelly
taught trail construction, and each
patrol cleared with their axes a cer-
tain part of a new trail, from the
camp to the top of a cliff overlook-
ing the lake. It connected with an
old trail that led to another camp,
would have been useful in an emer-
gency, made a new supper place
possible, and was good hard practi-
cal application of compass work and
use of the axe. In addition, each
patrol was taken out in the woods,
in country they had never seen be-
fore, "lost," and told to get back to
camp themselves. Now, it may not
be possible for these officers to
teach their Scouts exactly these in-
terpretations of Trailing, but it does
give them some very useful prac-
tice for their Camper's Badge.

This August, we are going to a
new and wilder camp site, offered
us by Mr. Dahlgren. If we start
from Grand Marais and go into the
heart of the forest, we shall get all
our tents and some other equipment
from the Forestry. We have been
promised the same instruction, with
more Map Making and more Tree
Identification. Given decent
weather and no fires, conditions for
really practising Campcraft should
be ideal, for the forest and its lakes
are most beautiful, and the student
campers most enthusiastic about the
help given them by the Forestry.



FREE NEW 20 EUROPE DIFFERENT

To applicants for my ¼, ½, 1 and 2c approvals, also the higher priced stamps at 50 per cent discount. Send reference and receive an extra premium.

CHAS. T. EGNER

4455 Frankford Ave., Frankford, Philadelphia, Pa.

Set of 9 Old U.S. Coins:-

copper ½c., 1 (big) c. and 2c.; nickel 1c., 1 (Eagle) c., 3 (III) c. and 5 (V) c.; silver 3 (star) c. and 5c. All for \$1.00. Stamp and Coin Lists free.

R. LANGZETTEL, Box 734, NEW HAVEN, CONN.

BARGAINS IN NEW ISSUES

*Belgium 1c. to 40c. new..... .25
 *Austria 10 new var..... .10
 *Danzig 10 var..... .10
 *French Col. 10 var..... .10
 " 25 "..... .20
 Turkey 10 var..... .15
 Finest approvals you would want to see at 50% Dis. Give them a trial. You will be satisfied. A. E. HUSSEY
 3488 Wilson Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

Very Attractive Stamps

Liechtenstein, Nos. 47 to 49 "Madonna" .05
 Bavaria, Nos. 266 to 270 "Madonna".... .22
 " Nos. 271 to 275 "Artist's Model" .26
 Latvia, 5 large bi-colored stamps..... .10
 Beautiful works of art

J. C. MILLS, 82 Huntington Ave., Boston, Mass.

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LEWIS T. BOYNTON

210 Franklin Street - Merchantville, N. J.

\$1 U. S.
 OR
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Free to Approval Applicants

40 S. & C. American 15c
 2 German Aero, 3c
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 5 Ukraine, 4c; 5 White Russia, 5c
 HALF PRICE WITH APPLICATION

214 Madison Ave.,
 Hasbrouck Hts., N. J.

STAMP INN

FREE

14 vars. UKRAINE PICTURE stamps, or
 10 vars. FRENCH COLONY picture stamps
 to approval applicants sending reference.

HEATHERDALE STAMP CO.
 4040 Lyndale Ave. So. Minneapolis, Minn.

When writing to Advertisers
 kindly mention THE AMERICAN GIRL

STAMPS

BY WILBUR F. CANNON

EVER since early in 1922, Ireland has been issuing stamps. These consisted of the stamps of Great Britain surcharged. It was in December of last year that Ireland issued her first own individual stamp. A copy is shown below. The color is green, and presents a very attractive appearance. The map is that of Ireland.

When some friend of yours who does not collect stamps, inquires about stamp collecting, tell him or her about this stamp. The Irish Government is familiarizing all of us with the geography of Ireland.



Tell your friend more about stamps. Point out the 1919 issue of Poland, issued to commemorate the first National Assembly of Poland. One of these stamps, the 15 fennigi, shows the portrait of Ignace Padewski. In the early part of 1921, Poland issued a set of stamps to commemorate the signing of the treaty of peace with Soviet Russia. And then later in the same year the country issued a set of stamps in commemoration of the Constitution. One can fairly read the history of a country on its stamps!

Or, let us take the 1915 Charity issue of Austria. In that year Austria issued a set of five stamps. The three heller stamp shows the soldiers in the trenches. The next one, the five heller, shows the cavalry going into battle. The ten heller label shows one of the "big guns". A cut of this stamp was shown in THE AMERICAN GIRL, several months ago. The twenty heller stamp shows one of the large battle-ships, and on the last, the thirty-five heller, is an aeroplane, doing war duty. On this set of stamps we have, you see, the war picturized. Oh, yes, stamp collecting is interesting!

Do you know the rarest stamp in the world? It is the one cent stamp of the 1856 issue of British Guiana. This stamp was recently sold in Paris, at auction for owner for over \$32,000. It's present owner is Mr. Arthur Hind, of Utica, N. Y. There is only one copy in existence.



Canada — Newfoundland

and other Br. Colonials. All different, used and unused. "20 for \$1.00," a surprise in every lot. Splendid value, and offered on its merits. A refund cheerfully made if not satisfied; one purchase will mean another; every stamp in fine condition.

HERBERT H. A. FOX

OSWEGO, N. Y.

To Collectors and Not to Dealers

Am not a philanthropist! Have nothing to give away! Do not deal in packets containing about 99% of stuff you can't use and often suggested for exchange but can never be gotten rid of.

Buy Only What You Actually Need!

That is economy and sane collecting. I am disposing of a large stock purchased in Europe shortly after the Armistice. Material issued for postal purposes and not printed or surcharged for trade purposes. Let me know what you actually need. If I have it you may purchase it for any reasonable offer.

CARL H. HACKERT

337 East 87th Street, New York City

SCOUT PACKET

87 all different stamps from Australia, Newfoundland, Caribou, Columbia Rep., Union of South Africa, French Colonies, unused, etc., only 10c to applicants for approvals. Price lists free. D. A. DAVIS & SON.
 4710 CASS AVENUE, DETROIT, MICH.

STAMPS FREE

Fine Set of War Stamps, Surcharged Stamps, Unused, Pictorial, British and French Colonial Stamps with big bunch illustrated lists and catalogs. Free for 2c. postage. MIDLAND STAMP CO.
 Dept. A6 TORONTO CANADA

BARGAINS IN LOTS

North Borneo Cat. No. 105-111-118, 3 var. Cat. 55c for 25c; Danzig Cat. No. 204-209 6 var. Cat. 45c for 20c; Belgium Cat. 530-548, 20 var. Cat. 55c for 25c; White Russia, complete, 10 var. Cat. 33c for 8c; Bosnia Cat. 123-125, 3 var. Cat. 12c for 6c; Hungary Cat. 198-202, 5 var. Cat. 50c for 15c; Ukraine Cat. 156-169, 14 var. Cat. 25c for 5c; Austria Cat. 212-215-227-230, 8 var. Cat. 26c for 11c; Polish Air Post, 2 var. 5c; Irish, 3 var. 6c; 2000 Best Hinges for 20c, 1000 for 15c. Postage, 3c extra. Remit in coin or cheque. Approval against reference.

VALLEY STAMP CO.

P. O. Box 2214 North Vancouver, B. C., Can.

When writing to Advertisers
 kindly mention THE AMERICAN GIRL

100	all different foreign postage stamps - -	10c
200	all different foreign postage stamps - -	20c
500	all different foreign postage stamps - -	75c
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As Scouts, we should be very like stars, for, like them, we ought to give light to guide others; and we are reminded of our starship in the winning of an attendance star, which means one year of light-giving.

The stars give light all day and all night, but we cannot see them always because of the brightness of the sun and moon; yet just the same the stars add their little light. There are many people whom we might describe as suns or moons, the light of whose lives will shine down the ages. Such men as Lincoln, and the great writers of poetry, Tennyson and Longfellow; and great women, as Florence Nightingale and Nurse Cavell.

But 'tis only the few who are called to be great. We, most of us, are called to be stars; to shine in this humdrum round of everyday life constantly and bravely.

A star has many points. We need to take a look at some of these points, lest they get rusty from disuse. A star is always helpful, always reliable, always twinkling.

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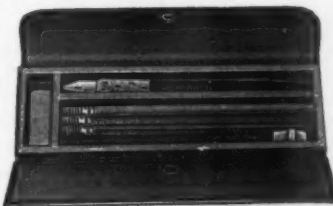
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JOYCE, GERRY AND NICKO

(Continued from page 26)

Taking some dry biscuits in their wallets, and with newly filled water bottles, the party set out for this final destination. It was a two-mile walk from the shack, and the forest seemed even denser and wilder beyond the weird wilderness of the clearing.

Indian ghosts had the power of walking far afield, and Nicko had a very shrewd suspicion once that he had heard the firing of a rifle.

Were Darroll's Boys still spying around with the scent of gold hot in their nostrils?

"How lovely!" cried the girls in one breath, as they came in sight of the cunning little creek which ran up into a hollow basin formed in the rocks. The high banks were a mass of ferns and flowers; the trees leaned forward as if to catch sight of their own dainty reflections in the water.

Peace and beauty lay around. What was it which struck the disquieting note? Apparently nothing. A water rat swam to its hole in the bank, birds fluttered and sang amongst the bushes, and not a sign of human being beyond themselves was visible.

"This is the place," said Nicko, in a very subdued tone, which held none of the jubilation of the successful gold seeker. And Joyce guessed he was thinking of the dear companion of his last visit here.

The Professor was much brisker than usual. He did not find any reason to dawdle over the business. He was here for gold. He wanted that gold—but chiefly so that he might spend the rest of his days in undisturbed study of beloved Nature, without those conscience pricks which told him it is a man's duty to provide for himself and family.

Behind this grey old rock lay the provision in full.

Good! He would take it.

But it needed taking! The rock was firmly imbedded and took their combined efforts to send tumbling over to muddy waters, and dam the creek.

The four crowded forward.

"Where's the gold?" asked Gerry, hugely disgusted at not seeing a glittering hoard.

Nicko laughed as he dragged out a cowhide bag.

"Have a squint," he urged, and the girls took the heavy sack with gasps of wonder at its weight.

They both found nuggets very

disappointing treasures at first sight.

"I guess I wouldn't have known they were gold, at all," declared Gerry. "Look at the lumps of dirt and stone and sand. Are you sure it's not a mistake?"

"Quite sure," said Nicko, "though I guess there isn't time for a scientific lecture. Those nuggets alone are worth a fortune but there are plenty more. Some load!"

"I should say so," retorted Joyce. "Shall we go back right now to the shack with this lot?"

The Professor nodded.

"A good idea. We will follow as soon as we have arranged our load," he said. "My idea, Nicko, was two poles—and sling the bags between. We must risk discovery. No one can hide nuggets of this kind in their clothes."

"We can come back, can't we?" urged Gerry, who was none too pleased with her sister's suggestion about returning. "It's some place, this creek. If we went lower down we could fish."

"Very well," agreed the Professor, but he spoke absent-mindedly. "Do as you wish."

His daughters generally did so!

Nicko was already hacking down a sapling to be used as a pole. He loved hard work, it balked memory. And the Professor's idea was good. Indeed it was the only possible way of carrying off these heavy bags.

It was quite a relief that the girls did not return.

"No doubt Joyce has got on to some cooking stunt," said Nicko cheerily, "and I guess they were fed up with lugging that one lot of nuggets along. Shall we leave the poles here, Boss, as it is beginning to get dark; and we could all come down to the creek tomorrow morning and load up before starting on the home trail, at once?"

"Excellent," applauded Alford. "And it was very sensible of the girls not to return. The rest will do them good."

"Afraid we spoke too soon," laughed Nicko. "I guess I hear them coming down the path."

He stood up and shouted: "Out you come, girls! No hide and seek! We've located you."

Scarcely were the words out of his mouth than dusky figures did indeed leap up from behind the bushes—only they were not the slim little figures of Joyce and Gerry, but the feathered warriors of a native tribe.

(To be continued.)

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Spear Emblem—separate	1.50
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Troop Flags

Size	Material	Price Each	Price for Lettering
2x3 ft.	Wool	\$2.50	10c per letter
2½x4 ft.	Wool	4.00	15c " "
3x5 ft.	Wool	5.50	20c " "
4x6 ft.	Wool	8.00	20c " "
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